witzend

NO. 1

Summer, 1966

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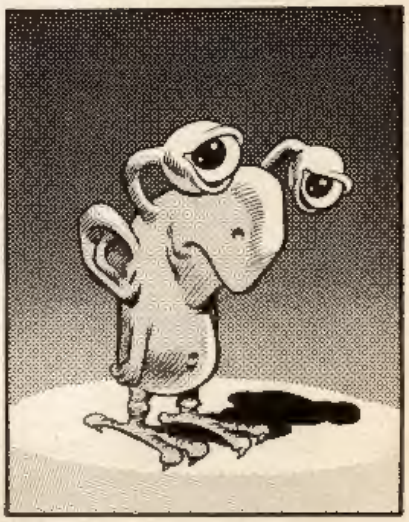

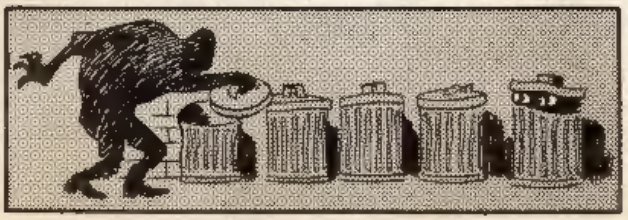

STATMENT OF NO POLICY

Our only aim is to make this magazine the best, most entertaining one we possibly can. Our theory is that an artist is his own best editor, and left to his own devices will turn out his best work.

We realize, of course, that human nature being what it is, there will often be a temptation to offer Constructive Criticism and Helpful Suggestions, but, as that sort of thing is inimical to our purpose, we will try to restrain these impulses.

Other publications are burdened with an Editorial Policy, a Format, or a special Readership to cater to. We have no such problem, and have, therefore, come up with a product that is rather difficult to define.

This first issue may be a bit misleading... It is a Comic Book--and it is not. Neither is it a Science Fiction, Fantasy, Monster, Satire or Girlie Book. It is a platform, a vehicle, for any idea in any form.

So far this enterprise has been mostly for laughs, and we hope it continues this way. If it remains fun, and a labor of love, we fail to see how we can miss, as some of the feeling we have in doing it is bound to be transmitted to you. If it begins to turn into drudgery, we will stop doing it... Life is too short!

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SAVAGE WORLD!

AUGUST 28, 1968. AT THE ATOMIC TEST CENTER IN NEW MEXICO...
PHYSICIST LARRY GORDON, GENERAL MARK RICHARDS AND REPORTER HELEN McKENZIE REGARD THE TEST WITH MIXED FEELINGS...
THIS IS A REAL STEP FORWARD...A TRULY TACTICAL A-BOMB, BUT I'M NOT TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT...
I KNOW, LARRY... WE HAD NO CHOICE AFTER THE RUSSIANS RESUMED SURFACE TESTING...
LATER...
THE RADIATION'S PRACTICALLY NIL... IT'S REALLY A 'CLEAN' BOMB...
BUT, OF COURSE, IT ALSO BRINGS THE CHANCE OF NUCLEAR WAR THAT MUCH CLOSER!
THAT'S FUNNY...THE CRATER SEEMS MUCH DEEPER THAN IT SHOULD BE...PRACTICALLY BOTTOMLESS...AND LOOK!
1

BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES A FIGURE FLOATS INTO VIEW... AND DISAPPEARS!
WHAT WAS THAT? COULD WE HAVE STUMBLED ON A RACE OF PEOPLE LIVING UNDER THE SURFACE?
WE MIGHT HAVE... IT... LOOK OUT!
THE STRUGGLE IS BRIEF AND SAVAGE...
RUN FOR IT, HELEN!
AND THEN..
GOOD. GREAT XANTOR WILL BE PLEASED THAT WE CAPTURED THEM ALIVE.
PROPELLED BY ANTI-GRAVITY BELTS, THE GROUP DECENDS EVER DEEPER INTO THE EARTH...
LARRY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
WHAT?. A CITY! MUST BE MILES UNDER THE SURFACE... A HIDDEN CIVILIZATION... AND HIGHLY ADVANCED FROM THE LOOKS OF IT!
2

THEY ARE TAKEN BEFORE THE RULER...
WELCOME TO THE INNER WORLD! YOU NEED NOT FEAR US FOR WE DO NOT WISH TO HARM YOU...
LONG AGO WE, TOO, LIVED ON THE SURFACE, BUT WE WERE BACKWARD IN THE WAYS OF WAR...ONE DAY...
THE TRIBES FROM THE HILLS...
THEY ARE TOO MANY...WE MUST FLEE!
"OUR ANCESTORS DETERMINED NEVER TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE. CHANGES IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE OVER THE AGES HAVE SEALED US IN..."
"...AND WE ADAPTED TO A SUBTERREANEAN EXISTENCE..."
"FREE FROM THE SCOURGE OF WAR WE DEVELOPED OUR SCIENCE IN OTHER DIRECTIONS AND CARVED OUT THIS CIVILIZATION!"
NOW, GREAT EXPLOSIONS THREATEN TO DESTROY ALL THAT WE HAVE BUILT! WE BELIEVE YOU SURFACE MEN ARE RESPONSIBLE...
WE MUST KNOW WHY. ALL WE ASK IS THAT YOU SUBMIT TO A FEW TESTS...

IN A BLUR OF MOTION LARRY TURNS ON HIS CAPTORS...
GUARDS, QUICKLY! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
AND THEN...
THIS MACHINE WILL PROBE THE INNERMOST RECESSES OF HIS MIND AND MAKE VISUAL HIS UNCONSCIOUS FANTASIES.
"WHAT YOU SEE HERE ARE HIS RESPONSES TO OUR SUGGESTIONS"...
DANGER! WOMAN! FEAR! ANGER...
HIS REACTIONS ARE ALL VERY BRAVE...
...BUT VIOLENT! HE IS FULL OF AGGRESSION... ANGER...
...AND THIS IS A SCIENTIST, EDUCATED AND COMPARATIVELY CIVILIZED!
THEN HELEN IS TESTED IN THE SAME MANNER...
THE PATTERNS OF THE FEMALE ARE MUCH BETTER! WITH OUR PRESENT SHORTAGE OF WOMEN, PERHAPS SOMETHING CAN BE DONE...

AS RICHARDS AND GORDON ARE MARCHED TO WAITING CELLS...
HELEN... WHERE IS HELEN? WHY ISN'T SHE WITH US?
THEY TESTED HER TOO, MARK.... AND KEPT HER THERE I DON'T KNOW WHY...

LARRY RUNS UNTIL HE REACHES A DEAD END...

...THEN HE TURNS ON HIS PURSUERS LIKE A WOUNDED TIGER!

MARK! HERE'S OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE! SEE IF YOU CAN PERSUADE HIM TO TELL US THE ROUTE TO THE SURFACE!
I'LL MAKE HIM TALK, ALL RIGHT! BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SEARCHING DESPERATELY THROUGH THE CITY, LARRY AT LAST FINDS THE SCIENCE BUILDING...

MEANWHILE A STRANGE RITE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

THE MACHINE IS ACTIVATED AND THE MIND OF EACH IS LAID OPEN TO THE OTHER, NAKED AND UNASHAMED...

BUT LARRY HAS FINALLY FOUND AN UNGUARDED ENTRANCE...
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
LARRY WAIT! I DON'T...
YOU POOR KID! WE'RE GOING NOW... AND I JUST WISH YOU CREEPS WOULD GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO PULL THIS TRIGGER!
BUT SHE IS NOW MY SON'S WIFE! SHE WENT THROUGH THE CEREMONY! YOU CAN'T...
THEN, MARK ENTERS...
LARRY! OUR PAL HERE HAS VOLUNTEERED TO SHOW US THE WAY OUT... LET'S GO WHILE WE'RE STILL ABLE!
MARK! BLAST THE MACHINE!
RIGHT LARRY! THIS FILTH MUST BE DESTROYED!
DAZED AND INCOHERENT, HELEN TURNS TO THE TWO MEN...
YOU... YOU'RE EVIL!
OKAY... BUT LET'S DISCUSS IT LATER... WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES!

LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE THEY ARE DECONTAMINATED AND TREATED...

NOW THAT I'M OVER THE SHOCK AND AFTER-EFFECTS, I MUST TELL YOU... ALL I SAW IN THAT MIND WERE TRUTH... AND BEAUTY... AND LOVE...
YOU'LL GET OVER IT, HELEN... IT'S SOME SORT OF HYPNOSIS!

NO, MARK... THINK ABOUT IT... THE QUALITIES THAT MAKE FOR SURVIVAL ALSO MAKE US INFERIOR TO THEM ... SAVAGES BY COMPARISON! WE'RE THE BAD GUYS!
THE END

AND IN THE OFFING...

We have on hand, or have in the works, or have been promised, the greatest array of literary and graphic art in the history of the illustrated narrative form! If the initial interest that this project has generated doesn't wane with the passage of time, this should be one hell of a magazine!

While we hesitate to be too specific about the next issue, we would like to mention some of the contributors whose work will appear in the future:

STEVE, our friendly neighborhood DITKO, when it dawned on him that this means freedom, immediately began losing money at a fantastic rate, working on a secret project for us. So secret, in fact, that he refuses to tell us what it's about!

DAN ADKINS, who doesn't have much time for this sort of thing now that he's fallen into the clutches of a merciless, mercenary master, is nevertheless trying to finish both a SF and a war story simultaneously... We hope to have one of these jobs for the next issue.

HARVEY KURTZMAN will donate some of his seldom seen art work in order to lend a little class to this book!

JACK (KING) KIRBY was most encouraging and enthusiastic. He has, of course, no time to do anything especially for us, as the entire field would no doubt collapse, and thousands of people would be thrown out of work, but he's promised to come up with something from his inventory.

WILL EISNER, whose "Spirit" ranks as one of the finest examples of the comics as an art form, will be represented in (we hope) the not-too-distant future.

We've had enthusiastic response from JOHN SEVERIN, JOE ORLANDO, JERRY ROBINSON, ROY KRENKEL, GEORGE WOODBRIDGE, RICHARD BASSFORD, LARRY IVIE, and BILL PEARSON, and hope that they will be contributing in the near future.

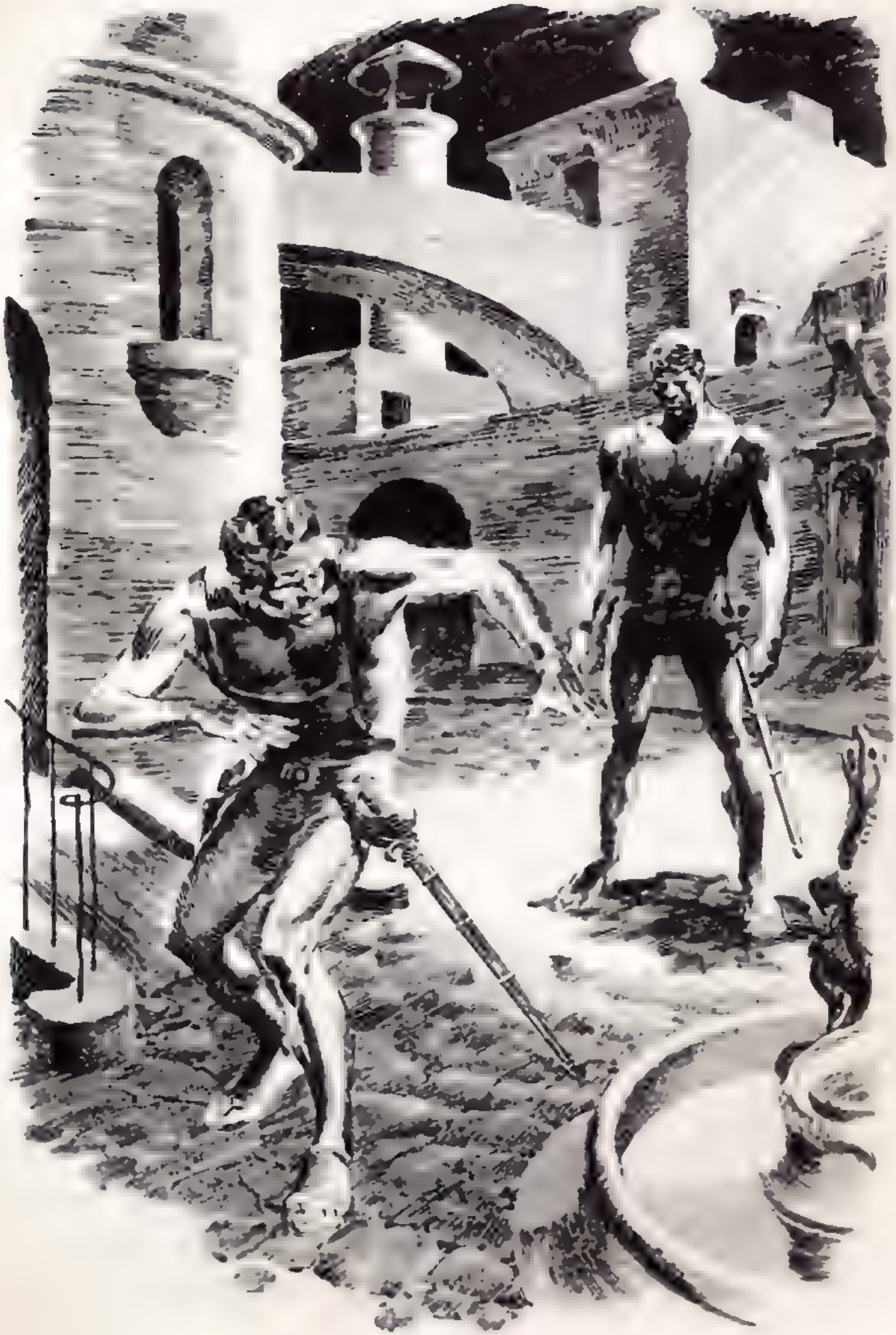
GRAY MORROW, whose work is seen in GALAXY and and CREEPY, has turned over to us some sensational S&S (Sword and Sorcery) illustrations, and is also working on a creative effort especially for this magazine.

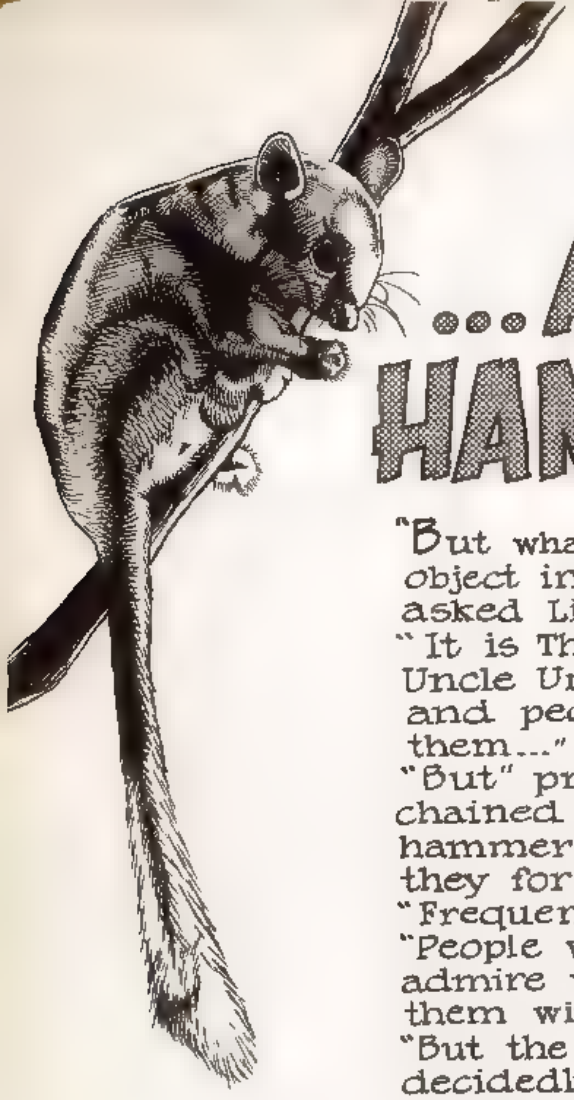
LEO and DIANE DILLON, whose illustrations appear in leading magazines and on book jackets, album covers, etc. will be featured regularly in coming issues.

We also expect further masterpieces by ARCHIE GOODWIN, AL WILLIAMSON, JACK GAUGHAN, ANGELO TORRES, RALPH REESE, et cetera...

GIL KANE, undoubtedly the most erudite pencil pusher in all of comicdom, is also availing himself of this opportunity to try a new dimension, and mentioned something about innovation within the experimental framework of the classic technique.

An unpublished REED CRANDALL ERB portfolio, the like of which has never been seen this side of Barsoom, has come into our posession (thanks to Al Williamson) and we expect to run it in the next issue. LARRY IVIE is working on the accompanying text. An example of Reed's beautiful work is on the next page.





What is it all about? Ego? Masochism? Self Destruction? Madness? No... it's the Hammer and the Feather...

...AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE...

"But what is the purpose of this curious object in the center of the city square?" asked Little Timorous, apprehensively.
"It is The Block, Timmy", replied Kindly Uncle Urge. "You lay Them on the Block and people will come by and admire them..."
"But" protested Timorous, "I see a feather chained to one side of the block and a hammer chained to the other.. What are they for?"
"Frequently," smiled Uncle Urge Kindly, "People will come by and will not only admire them, but will stroke and tickle them with the feather."
"But the hammer... I don't like it! It has a decidedly unpleasant and menacing aspect..."
"Once in a while," said Uncle Kind Urgently, "A Pretty Girl will come by and gently dust them off.."
"Never mind that... What about the hammer? Tell me about the hammer!" cried Little Timorous petulantly, for he was becoming sore afraid.
"Well, once in a while... in a great while, mind you, some mean person will come along, and will take out the frustrations of his wretched existence on them by giving them a smart rap with the hammer. Jealousy..."
"I don't believe I'll play." said Timorous. (But he knew in his heart that the urge was growing stronger and that he would not be able to resist it for long.)
"It isn't worth the risk! Isn't there some other way...?"
"No," said Urgent Uncle Kindly..."Without the hammer there is no feather."

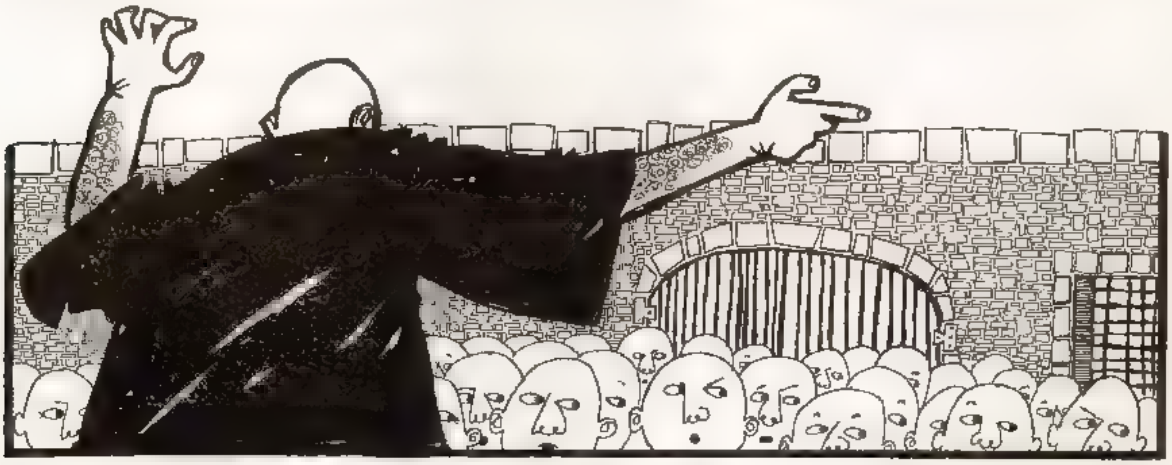
...END OF TALE

Art by Ralph Reese

IT WAS TOMORROW. THE GREAT WAR SO LONG FEARED WAS OVER. DESPITE TREMENDOUS EFFORT FROM ALL PARTICIPANTS, THERE WERE SURVIVORS. THEY WERE SO SCARCE THAT WAR WAS ABANDONED. IN FACT, IT WAS COMPLETELY DISCOURAGED. THE PEOPLE GATHERED IN SMALL COMMUNITIES TO PRACTICE PEACE AND WORSHIP GOD. SUCH WAS HAPPY VALLEY...

THE PEOPLE MET ONCE A WEEK TO PRAISE GOD. THEY SANG THE FEW PRE-WAR HYMNS REMEMBERED, "PADRE" "CRYING IN THE CHAPEL" "I BELIEVE". BUT TODAY THEY WERE EXCITED. THEY RUSHED THROUGH THE SACRED HYMNS. TODAY WAS SPECIAL...

THE PREACHER ADDRESSED HIS PEOPLE. IT WAS A SAD DAY FOR HAPPY VALLEY. A DEFILER WAS IN THEIR MIDST! ONE OF THE VALLEY'S SHEEP HAD STRAYED FROM THE PATHS OF GOD AND WAS EXHIBTING MANY SIGNS OF PRE-WAR DECADENCE.



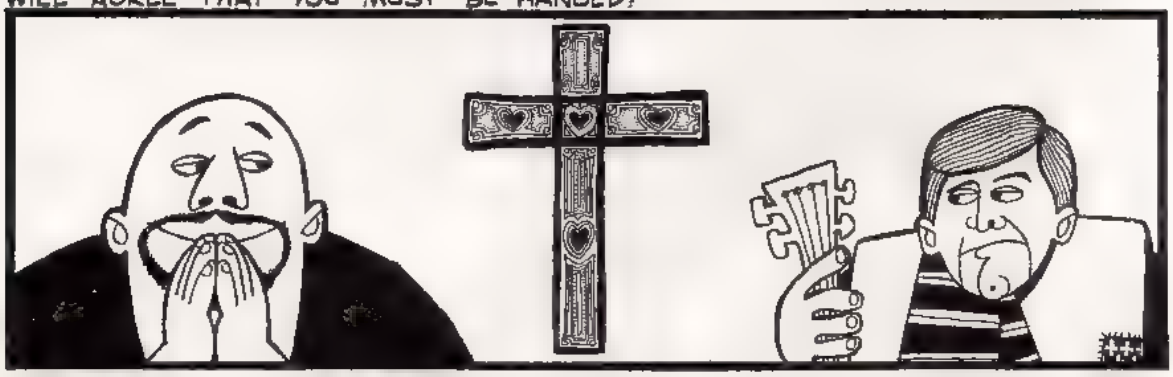
SINNER

"WELL" SAID THE SINNER "THAT'S A BIT THICK. ALL I'VE DONE IS PLAY MY GUITAR, SING, READ, AND TINKER WITH SOME OLD MACHINERY. THOSE MACHINES WOULD MAKE WORK EASIER SO WE COULD PLAY, SING, READ, AND MAYBE EVEN THINK MORE."

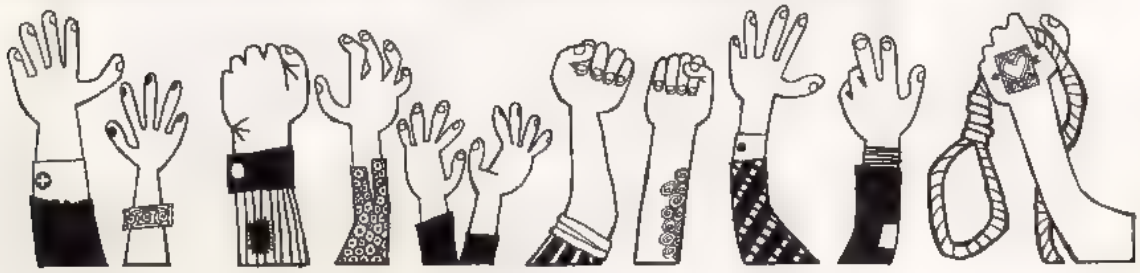
THE CROWD WAS SHOCKED TO HEAR SUCH BLASPHEMY. THIS WAS TRULY THE MOST EXCITING GOD'S DAY SINCE BEYOND MEMORY.

"SINNER!" CRIED THE PREACHER "THOSE ARE PRE-WAR THOUGHTS! SLAVERY TO THE MACHINE AND IDLE PLEASURES BROUGHT THE GREAT WAR AS PUNISHMENT! WE LIVE NOW ONLY TO WORK AND WORSHIP GOD!"

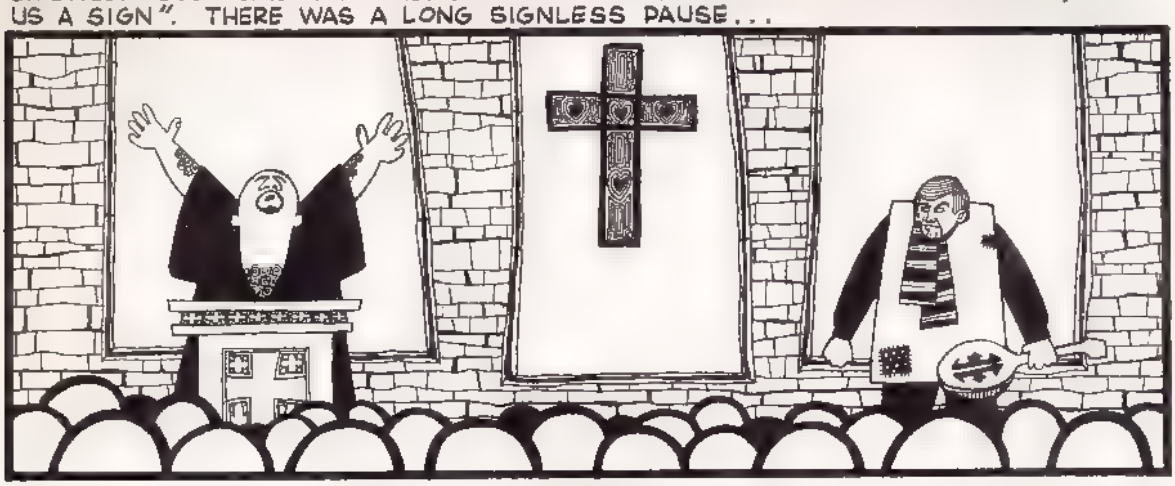
"I'M AFRAID, SINNER, YOU HAVE BROKEN GOD'S COMMANDMENTS. WE MUST MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU OR ELSE OTHERS MAY MAKE THE SINS OF READING, PLAYING, AND MEDDLING WITH THE MACHINES. I THINK GOD AND HAPPY VALLEY WILL AGREE THAT YOU MUST BE HANGED!"



"AMEN!" SAID THE CONGREGATION "GLORY! HALLELUIAH!" THIS WAS MORE THAN ANYONE HAD HOPED FOR, A CHANCE TO SEE GOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS IN ACTION! AND EVERYONE IN HAPPY VALLEY COULD BE AVENGING SWORDS!



"BUT FIRST" SAID THE PREACHER "WE MUST MAKE SURE GOD WANTS US TO HANG THE SINNER". SOME OF THE LESS FAITHFUL MEMBERS WERE A TRIFLE DISAPPOINTED AND VOICED OBJECTIONS TO PESTERING GOD, BUT THE PREACHER CALLED FOR SILENCE. "GOD" SAID THE PREACHER "IF WE SHOULDN'T HANG THIS SINNER, GIVE US A SIGN". THERE WAS A LONG SIGNLESS PAUSE...

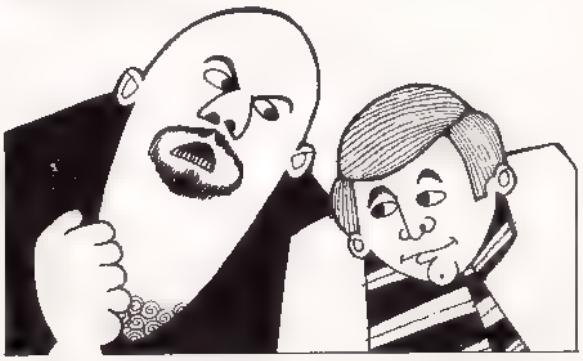


"GOD WANTS TO HANG THE SINNER. ANY LAST WORDS, SINNER?"

"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D LET ME ASK GOD FOR A FEW SIGNS?"

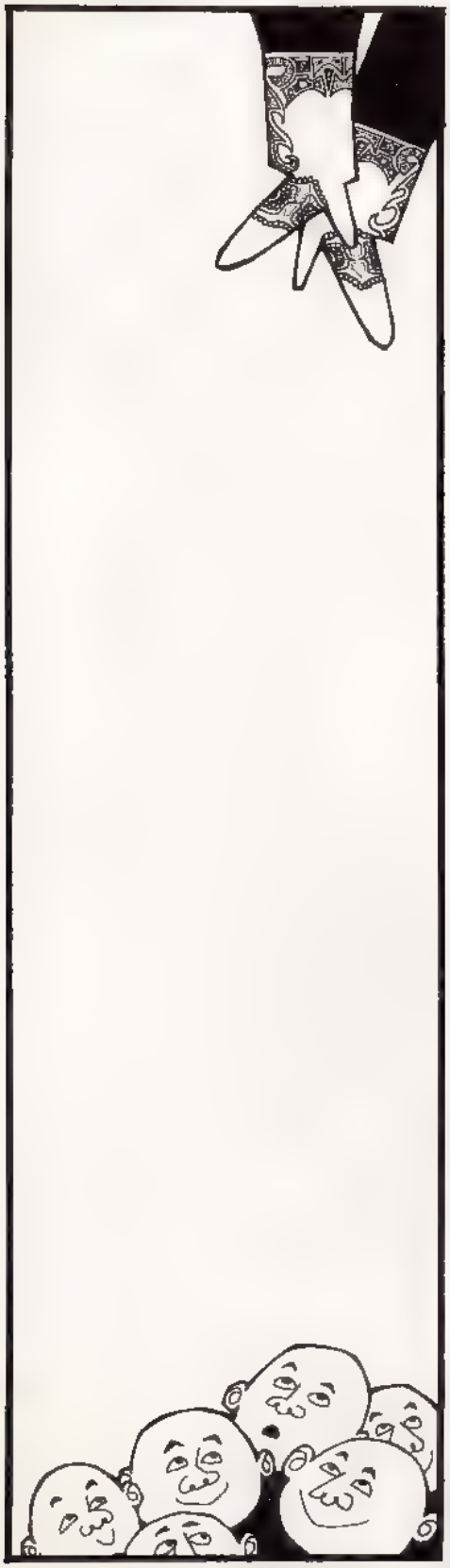
"HE'D SEND DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON US FOR ALLOWING SUCH A BLASPHEMER TO CALL UPON HIM!"

"I KIND OF THOUGHT IT MIGHT WORK OUT LIKE THAT..."

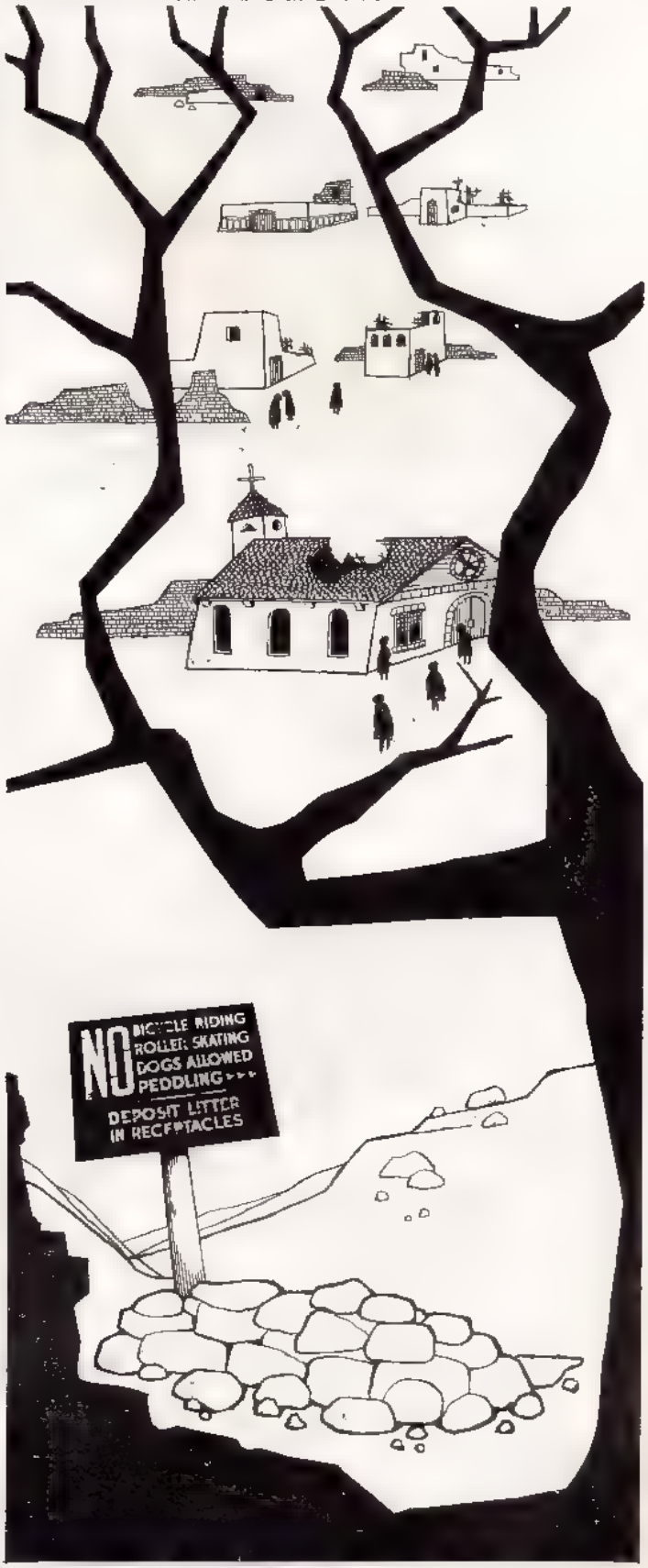


THE SINNER LOOKED AT THE PEOPLE OF HAPPY VALLEY. "THE VERY WORST THING ABOUT DYING IS THAT YOU STOP BUT THE REST OF THE WORLD GOES RIGHT ON AND YOU MISS ALL THE WONDERFUL CHANGES THAT WILL COME AFTER YOU. DYING CAN BE EASIER IF YOU KNOW PERHAPS YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP THE WORLD GROW AND CHANGE. FORTUNATELY, HAPPY VALLEY WON'T CHANGE. YOU'LL GO ON WORKING AND WORSHIPPING GOD, AND DOING NO PRE-WAR EVIL, AND I CAN DIE KNOWING I DIDN'T HELP THIS NON-CHANGE. IN FACT, I AGREE-- HANGING ME IS A PRETTY GOOD IDEA!"

BEING GOD-FEARING FOLK AND TRUE TO THEIR WORD, THE CONGREGATION PROMPTLY HANGED THE SINNER. ALL IN ALL IT HAD BEEN AN EXHILARATING WORSHIP SERVICE ALTHOUGH THERE WAS SOME DISATISFACTION DUE TO THE SINNER'S EXTREME WILLINGNESS TO BE HANGED.



THEY BURIED HIM NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE VALLEY AND MARKED HIS GRAVE WITH ONE OF THE OLD SYMBOLS OF PRE-WAR DECADENCE AS A WARNING TO ALL OF GOD'S DEALINGS WITH THOSE WHO SIN BY PLAYING AND READING, AND TRYING TO REVIVE THE MACHINE . . .



GOD WAS IN HIS HEAVEN AND ALL WAS RIGHT WITH THE WORLD-- ESPECIALLY IN HAPPY VALLEY.

PROGRESS

We are forever, it seems to me,
Engaged in damn tomfoolery,
Selling soap and singing psalms,
Electing fools and building bombs.

NO PLAN APPARENT

It seems a singular twist of fate
Has made the urge to procreate
So strong in all who now draw breath
That we may kid ourselves to death.

HAPPY HOLIDAY

Stores are empty, wreaths displayed
Holly hung and punch is made.
Cards are sent, the turkey sliced
Happy birthday, Jesus Christ!

ANYONE CAN PLAY

Hairy handed intellectual
Ape approaching
The realm of ego with
Rigid index finger
Do you fear the hordes
of nude vice-presidents?
They scream across my
Waking hours
Shaking loose the
Tinsel circuits
Of the ectoplasmic
Organism
With the thunder of their
Microscopic hoofs.

QUICKLY, NOW

To be, is not an either-or,
Nor yet a sometime thing.
And yet, in view of otherwise
To be or not I sing.

MORTALITY

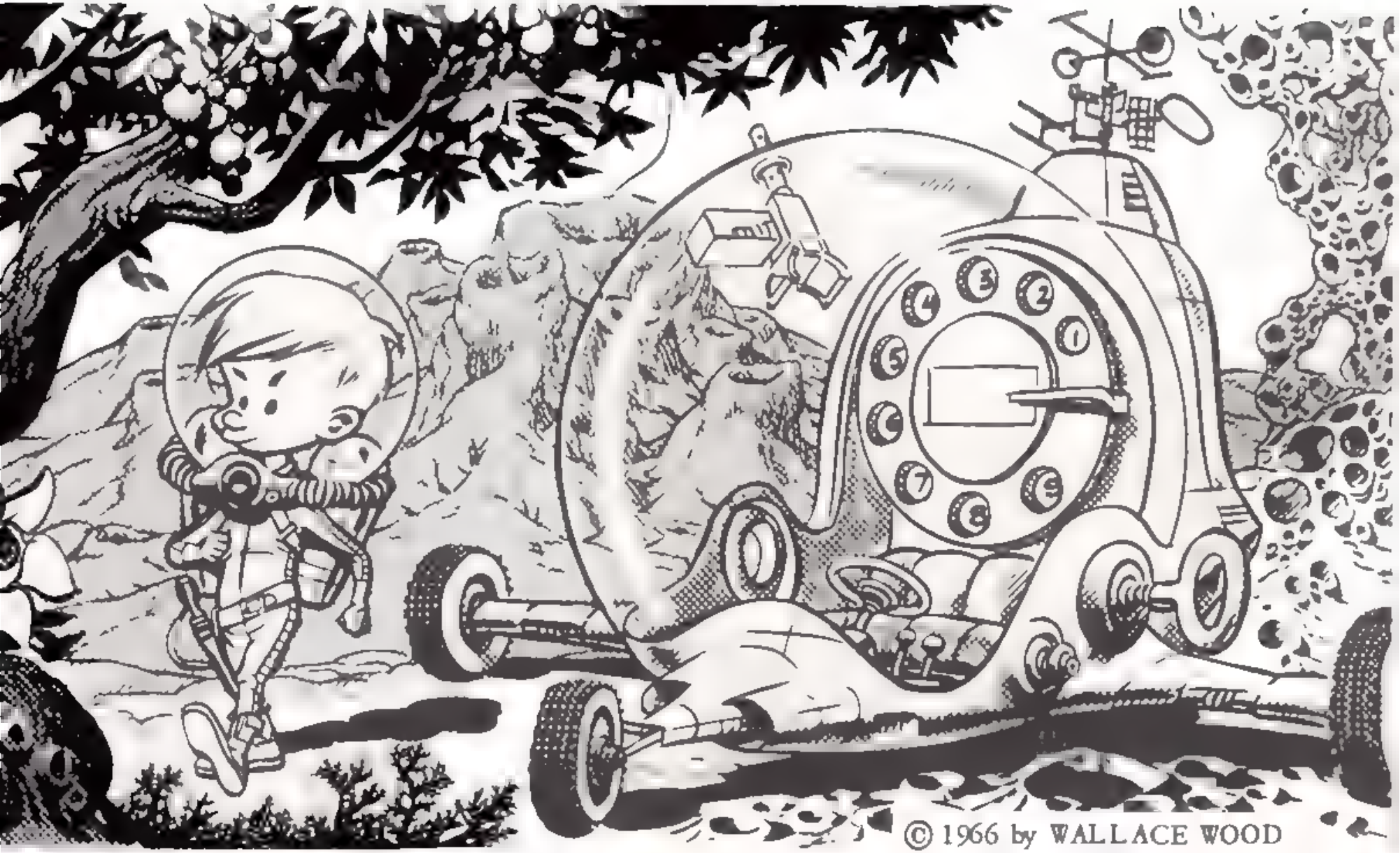
I met an aardvark once, who said:
"We only live until we're dead."
Amoebae cannot hear or see,
And yet have immortality.
And the ant, who starves and slaves
Has the least well kept of graves.
"Well, that's life" a moth replied,
And saw a flame and promptly died.

INNOCENCE

Did you ever think it odd,
As you sit in pensive mood,
Funny little bare-ass broad,
You will one day be a prude.
In unbecoming Paris fashions
Your form will be confined,
Lest it incite the baser passions
In some pure but feeble mind.

BACK UP AND PUSH

A glim was gleaming in the gloaming,
And through the misty, musty night
Did wend his eerie, weary way
Before the bloom of budding day,
Unto the pad of MorbiDan,
Who reclined and meditated
And many wild and wondrous
Were the things he contemplated.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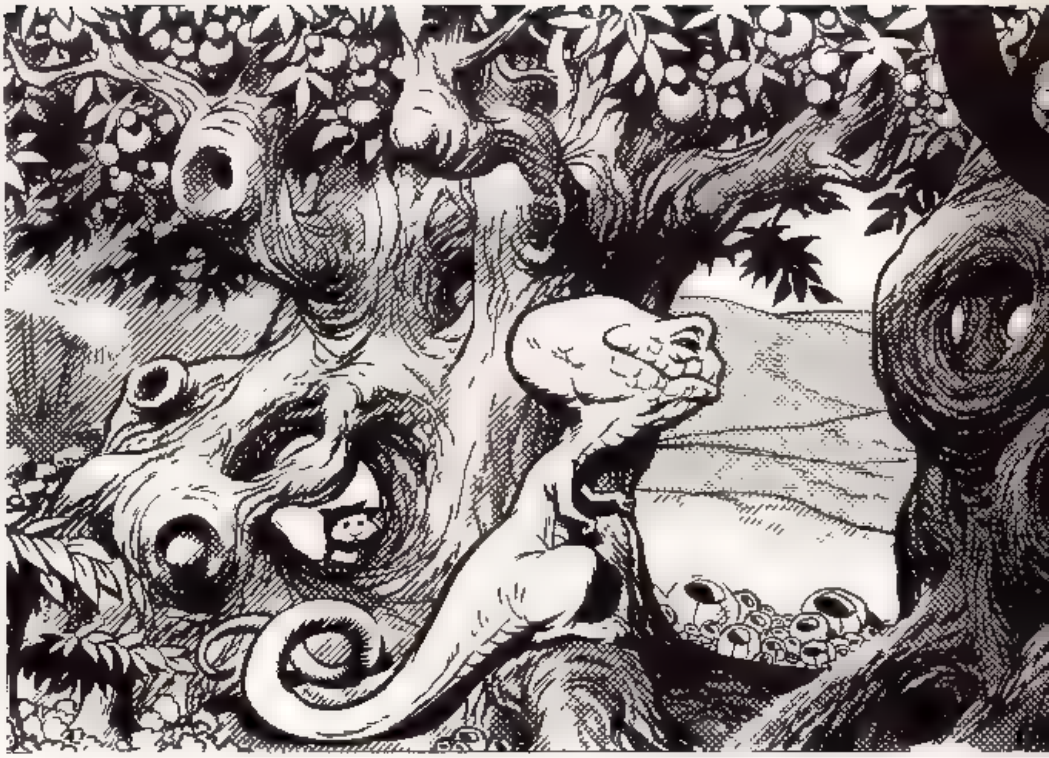
FORTHCOMING IN THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE, THE FANTASTIC FEATS OF THE MOST HEROIC HERO IN THE WORLD...OR OUT OF IT! THE ONE AND ONLY, (..AND ONE IS ENOUGH!) THE INDOMITABLE, THE INDESTRUCTIBLE, THE INCREDIBLY INTREPID

BUCKY RUCKUS



DEDICATION, CREDITS, SOME

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU'

At some time in the future, we may go into detail about the sordid origins of this enterprise, if we can reconstruct the step-by-step rationalization of the mental decay that took place at the time. It has something to do with Fandom, and Ego, and Dan L. Adkins. It is, of course, the culmination of a lot of futile fantasies which date back almost 20 years, to student days at Hogarth's C and I, when there was a lot of loose talk about pooling our meager resources and putting out a comic book as a sort of co-operative. From time to time, whenever pros have gathered for a bull-session something of the sort has cropped up; "Why doesn't somebody..." and like that. Well, now somebody has, and even if the whole effort ends in a terrible financial disaster, it will have been worth it. There is the matter of copyrights... and this was a prime factor. Everyone in this business has given away characters and ideas for page rates, which then belong to the publishers. This will be a place to print, and therefore protect, an idea. And there is the possibility, not too great, but enough to base some foolish hopes on, that this may turn out to be a financial success. This is the time! It is now or never! The existence of fandom gave the necessary impetus to our faint hearts, and so we want to say to all you horny-handed, ink-stained editor-publishers, demon reviewers and wild-eyed mimeograph machinists, rustling out there in the underbrush... You have shown us the way! We are eternally grateful... unless we lose our shirts!

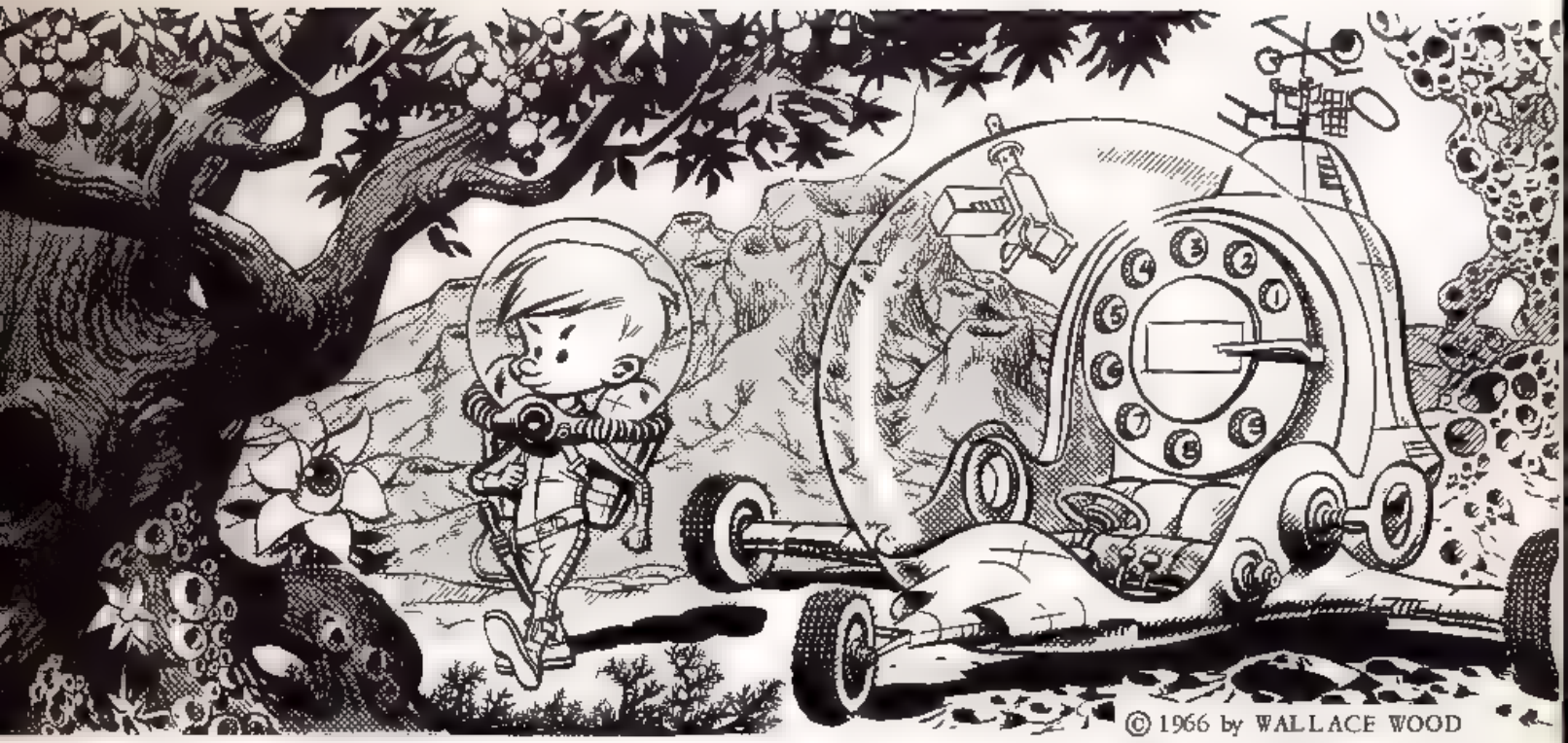
WALLACE WOOD wishes to express his personal thanks to his "staff", RALPH REESE, who did a lot of the dirty work, as well as helping him on "Anr-man", above and beyond the call of duty...

to DAN ADKINS, without whose inspiration this whole enterprise would never have begun. Originally, Dan's plan was to get Wood to draw something for his proposed magazine, "Outlet"... But somehow it turned out that Wood is publishing and Adkins is contributing...

and to WOODY GELMAN for his help, advice, and the use of his mailing facilities.

LARRY IVIE deserves a special vote of thanks for unselfishly relinquishing his prior claim on some of the material in this book...

And for various sorts of help and encouragement, JOHN BENSON, DON THOMPSON, ROBERT BARRETT, DERRILL ROTHERMICH, and MARVIN WOLFMAN have our undying gratitude. Oh yes.. and TED WHITE! Anyone we forgot, forgive us.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, *et cetera*

ARCHIE GOODWIN, the editor of EERIE and CREEPY, did the layout for our cover, as well as contributing one of the most unlikely jobs of all time.

JACK GAUGHAN, of SF illustration and cover fame, materialized out of left field one day, with sketchbooks full of slightly sane ideas. When we told him that this was the place for them, Jack rushed home and was back with his ten page story complete in a weekend or a fortnight.

AL WILLIAMSON wishes to take this opportunity to express his gratitude to ANGELO TORRES, ROY KRENKEL, and FRANK FRAZETTA for their help with his story. Al wanted to sign all their names on the splash, but we finally convinced him that it would clutter it up and that it would serve the purpose as well to do it in this column. By the way, Al's story was lettered by his lovely wife Arlene, who has developed into one of the best lettering men in the business... Figuratively speaking.

BILL YOSHIDA did the lettering of the page of poetry and "Animan".

Our heartfelt thanks go to BILL PEARSON for not doing any artwork for this issue.

The fine printing of this magazine we owe to AL SCHUSTER of Aton Printing Co. 39 East 20 Street, New York, N.Y. and if there's anything wrong with your copy, it's HIS fault. Type by ADVERTYPE.

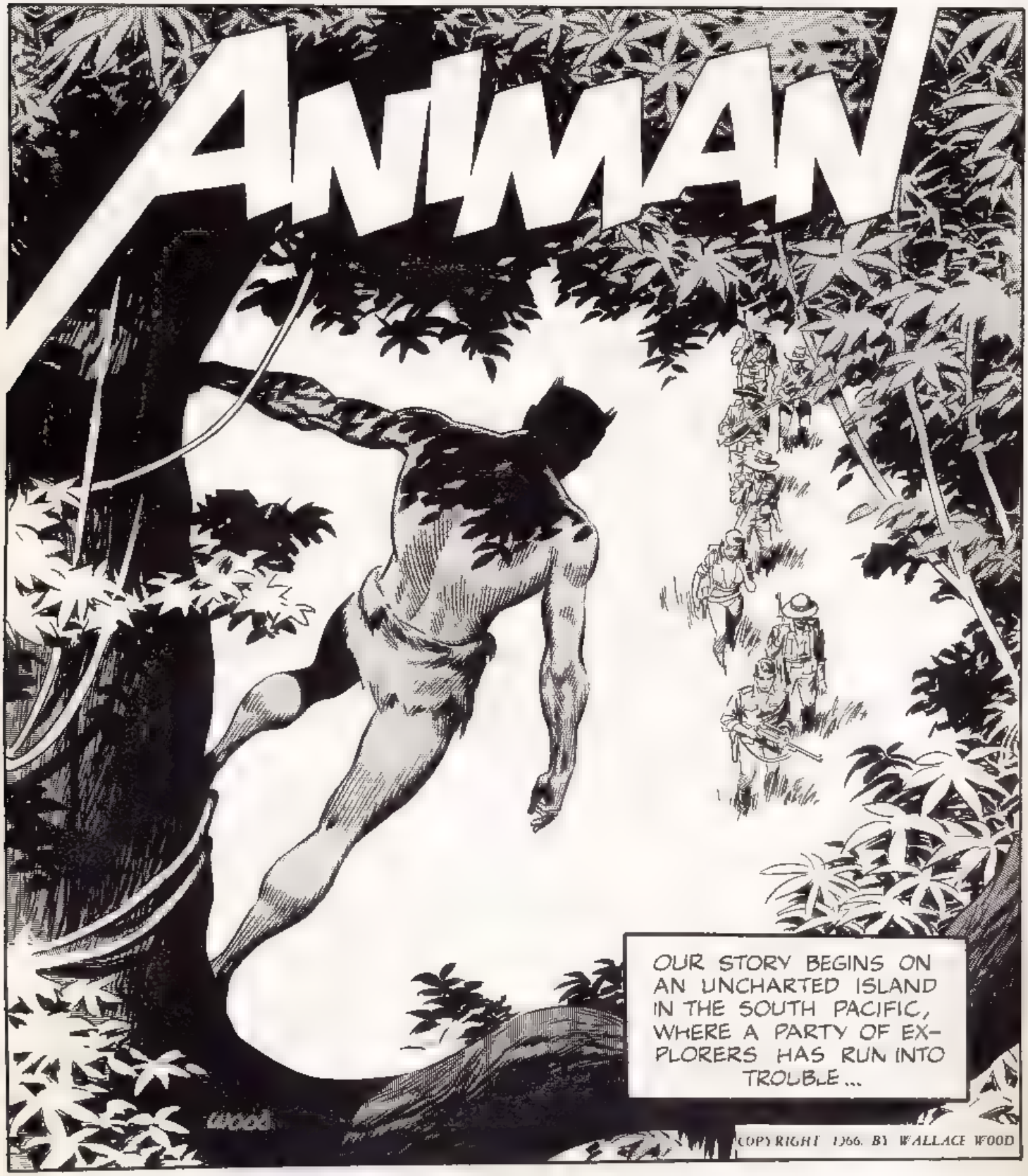
advertisment advertisment

Collectors! An item of considerable interest...

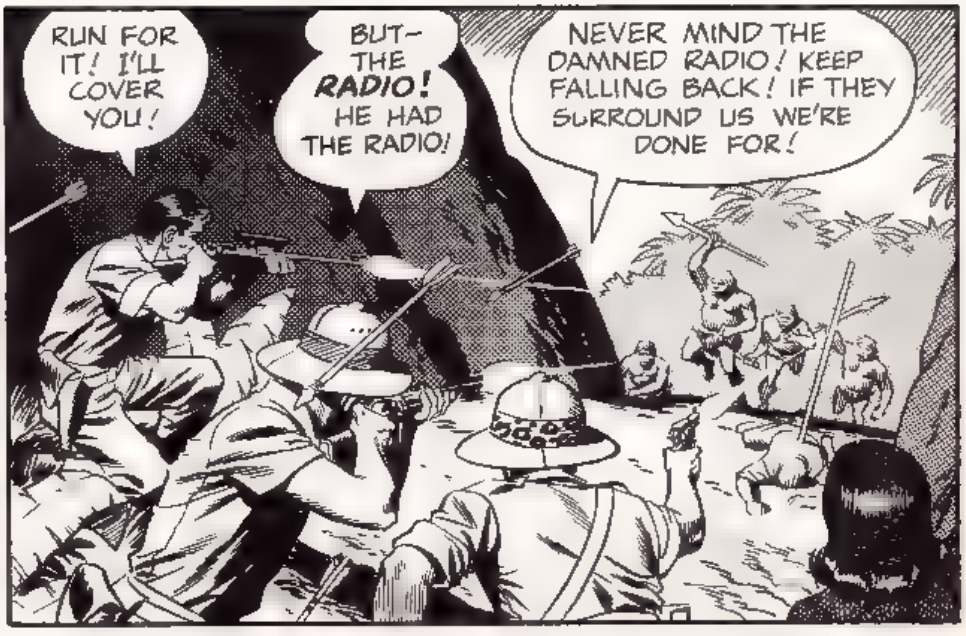
We hadn't planned on ads, but Jerry Robinson, old buddy and neighbor, asked us to announce that he has a collection of originals and comics that he is willing to part with. The original art includes nearly twenty covers and thirty-five interior pages, all from the early 'forties, from titles like Detective, Action, More Fun, and Daredevil. Some are hand-colored by the artist. Among them are the covers for the first Tweedledee and Tweedledum Batman Story and the first "Newsboy Legion" story. As for the comic books, more than 100 titles are represented, running from a 1937 Dick Tracy and a 1937 World's Fair Comics up through to the '50s, the early '40s again being well represented, by Batman (#s 1 through 13 and many after) Detective, Action, and so forth. Send requests for complete list and/or bids to Jerry Robinson, Box 855, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023.

IS MAN THE ONLY INTELLIGENT CREATURE TO EXIST ON THIS PLANET? IN OUR SUPREME HUMAN EGOTISM, WE NEVER STOP TO CONSIDER THAT OUR ANTHROPOID ANCESTORS MIGHT NOT BE THE ONLY SPECIES TO HAVE EVOLVED.

THIS IS THE STORY OF A MONSTER... NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST, BUT WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF BOTH, AND SUPERIOR TO BOTH! PICTURE A BEING WITH THE STRENGTH, REFLEXES AND SENSES OF A TIGER, AND THE CURIOUSITY AND ABILITY TO REASON OF A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT HUMAN BEING AND YOU HAVE-



COPYRIGHT 1966 BY WALLACE WOOD


RUN FOR IT! I'LL COVER YOU!
BUT— THE RADIO! HE HAD THE RADIO!
NEVER MIND THE DAMNED RADIO! KEEP FALLING BACK! IF THEY SURROUND US WE'RE DONE FOR!

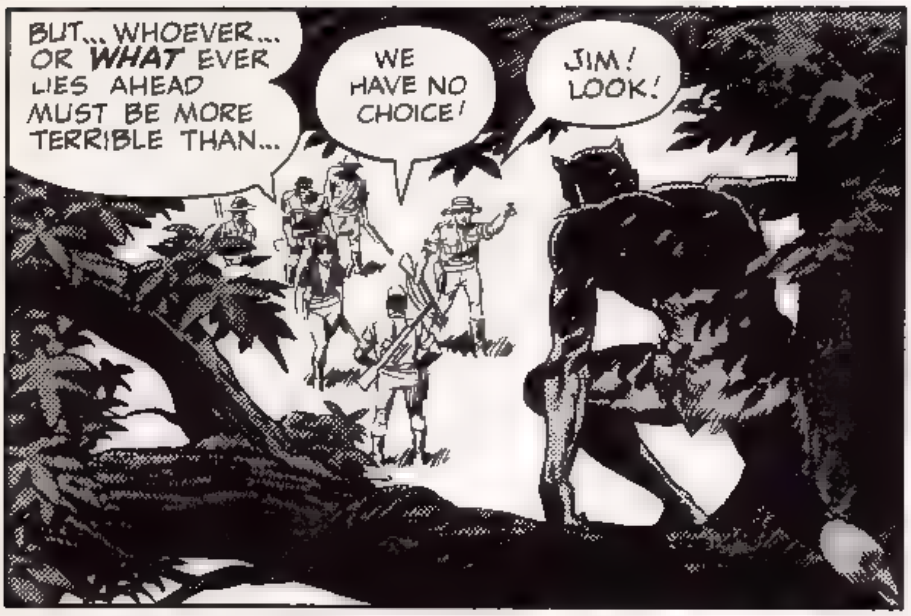
JIM KING, LEGENDARY SOLDIER OF FORTUNE AND BIG GAME HUNTER, HEADS THE EXPEDITION...

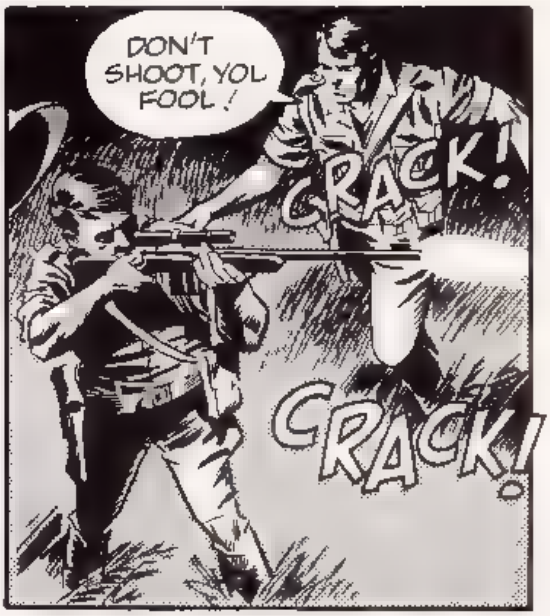
...WHICH INCLUDES MANY FAMOUS ANTHROPOLOGISTS AND ARCHAEOLOGISTS... SUCH AS PROFESSOR RALPH PEARSON OF COLUMBIA...

AND DR. CATHERINE LE MAY, WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON EXTANT PRIMITIVE TRIBES—

A PATH...
OF HUMAN SKULLS! IT'S A WARNING...
THIS IS FORBIDDEN TERRITORY.

THAT'S WHAT SCARED THOSE CAVE MEN OFF. WHAT DO WE DO NOW ?
WE CAN'T TURN BACK, IT'S CERTAIN DEATH! WE MUST GO ON!

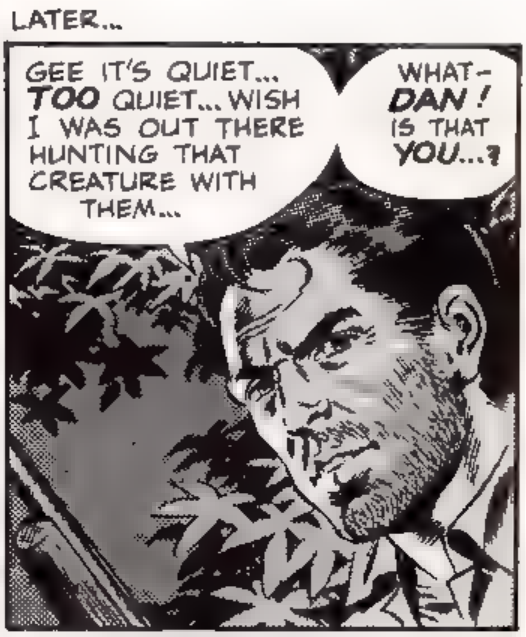

BUT... WHOEVER... OR WHAT EVER LIES AHEAD MUST BE MORE TERRIBLE THAN...
WE HAVE NO CHOICE!
JIM! LOOK!


DON'T SHOOT, YOU FOOL!
CRACK!
CRACK!

I THINK I GOT IT!
I HOPE SO... LET'S HAVE A LOOK...

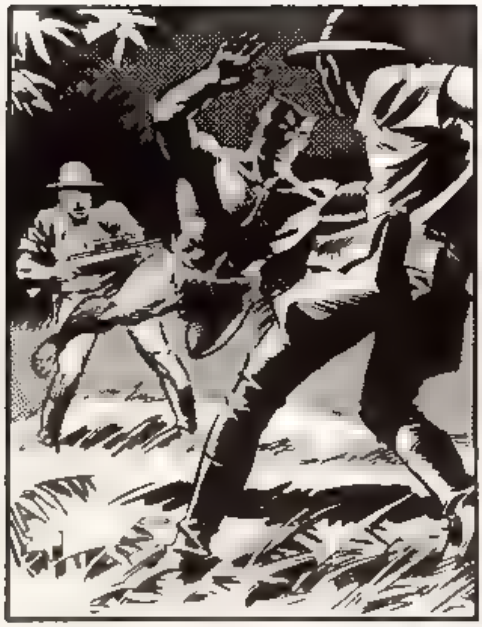
HERE'S THE SPOT! BLOOD! AT LEAST HE'S HUMAN...
I DON'T KNOW... FLESH AND BLOOD, YES... BUT HUMAN..?
...AND NOW IT'S GOT TO BE HIM OR US—
3

WE'LL GET RIGHT ON HIS TRAIL!
AL! PICK THREE MEN AND GUARD THE PROVISIONS...
RIGHT, JIM!

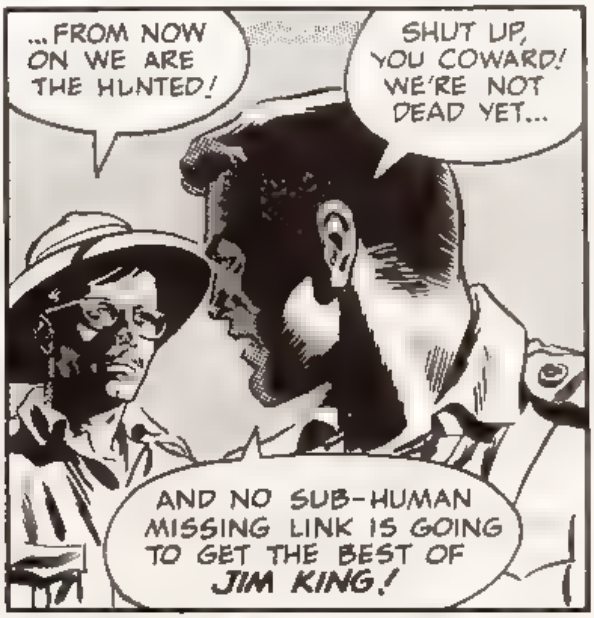

LATER...
GEE IT'S QUIET... TOO QUIET... WISH I WAS OUT THERE HUNTING THAT CREATURE WITH THEM...
WHAT- DAN! IS THAT YOU...?

HEY—
WHUF
THUD!

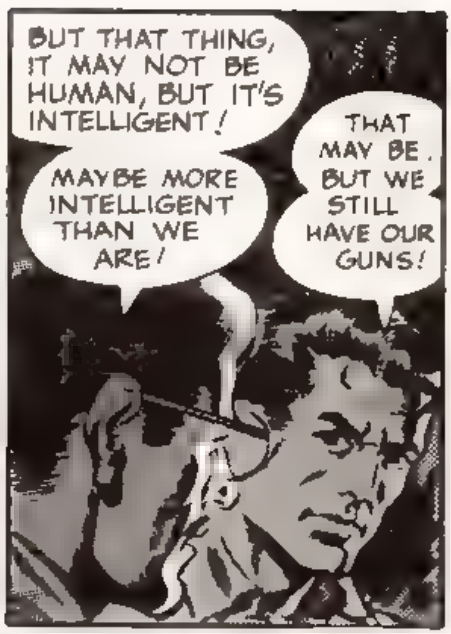
SHOOT HIM! KILL HIM!
4

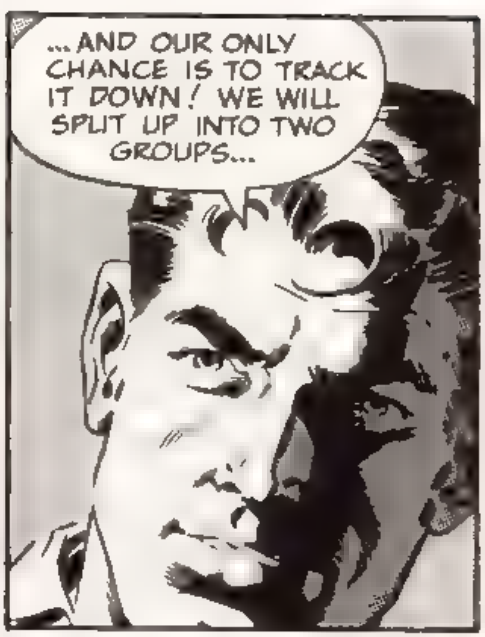


AS THE HUNTING PARTY RETURNS...


...FROM NOW ON WE ARE THE HUNTED!
SHUT UP, YOU COWARD! WE'RE NOT DEAD YET...
AND NO SUB-HUMAN MISSING LINK IS GOING TO GET THE BEST OF JIM KING!

...AND NOW AND THEN THEY STUMBLE ON A GRUESOME REMINDER OF THE FATE THAT HANGS OVER THEM...


BUT THAT THING, IT MAY NOT BE HUMAN, BUT IT'S INTELLIGENT!
MAYBE MORE INTELLIGENT THAN WE ARE!
THAT MAY BE. BUT WE STILL HAVE OUR GUNS!



THE NEXT DAY THE FIRST GROUP COMES UPON...

JIM MANAGES TO CLING TO THE EDGE OF THE PIT AS THE OTHERS PLUNGE TO THEIR DOOM...

HOURS LATER A TATTERED, HALF-CRAZED FIGURE COMES UPON THE SECOND PARTY...

AFTER JIM HAS REVIVED AND REPORTED THE FATE OF THE OTHERS, THEY SET OUT AGAIN, WITH A TERRIBLE LUST FOR REVENGE IN THEIR HEARTS...

...AND SHORTLY THEY COME UPON..

LOOK – BY THAT CLIFF! ...OUR SUPPLIES!

THE MONSTER IS TRYING THE SAME TRICK AGAIN!

THIS TIME WE'LL GO AROUND HIS TRAP...

AS THEY STEP OFF THE TRAIL...

OH, NO!

YAAAAH!

THUD!

LATER, CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...

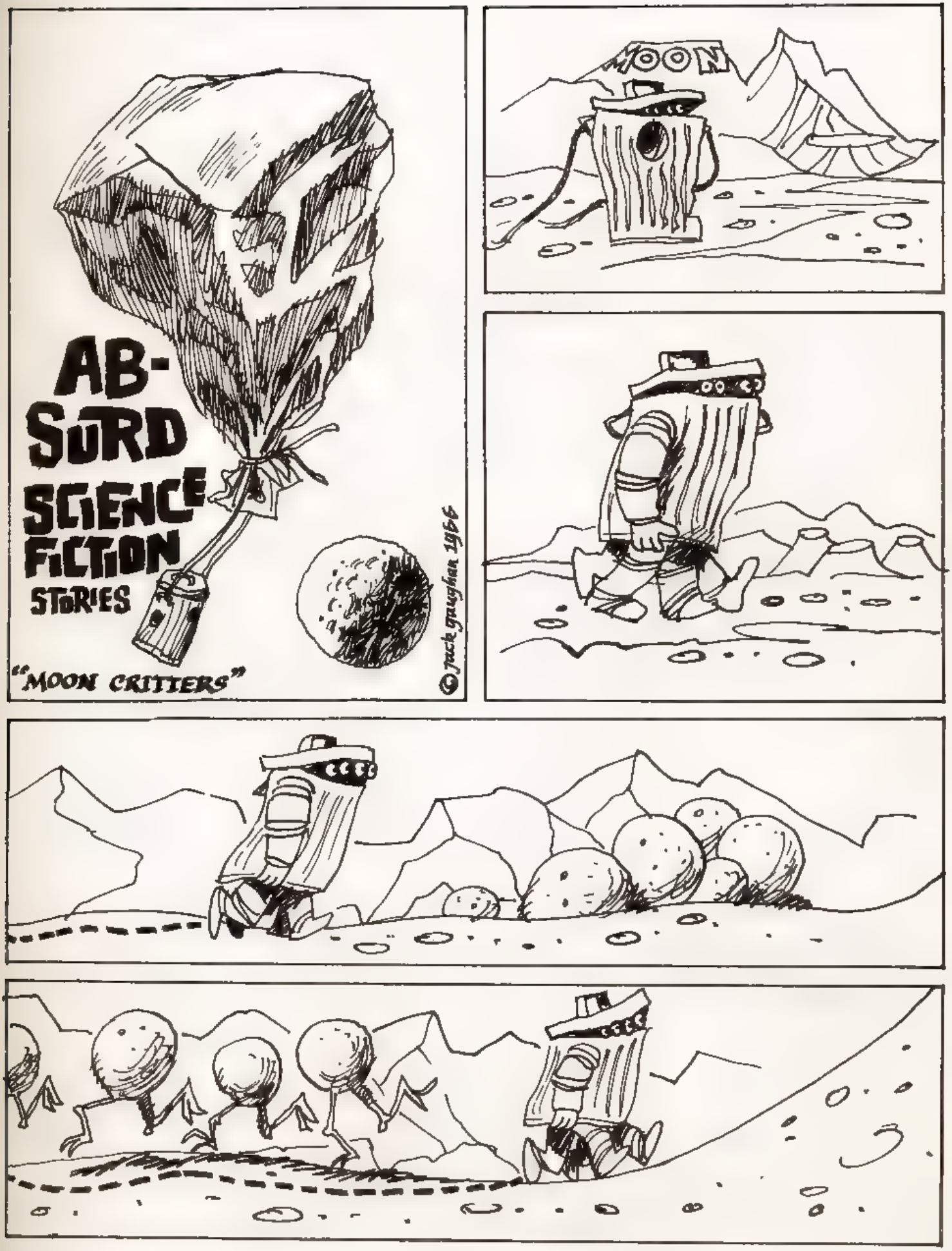
OHH ... I'M ALIVE... BUT...

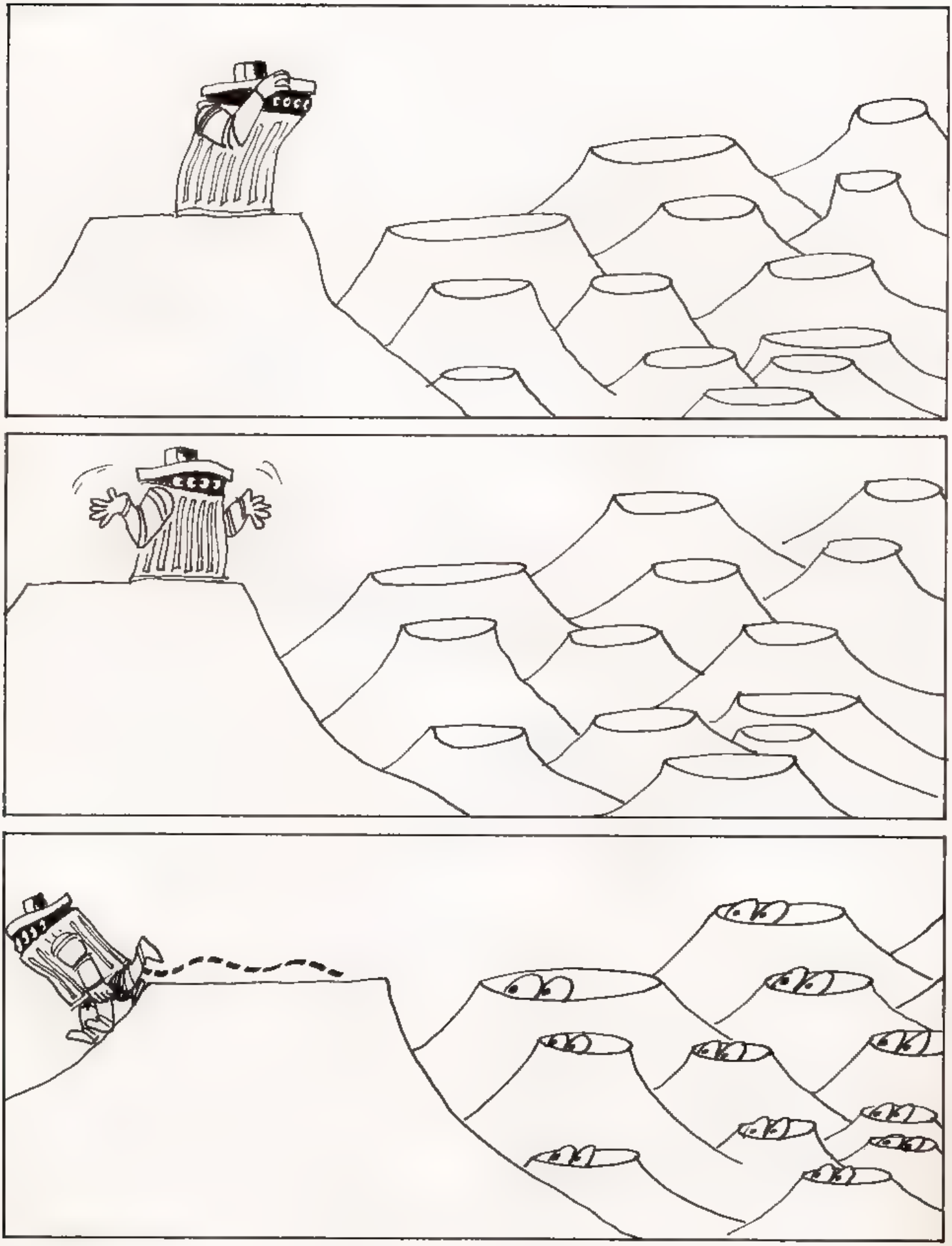
JIM STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, AND A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS HIS EYES...

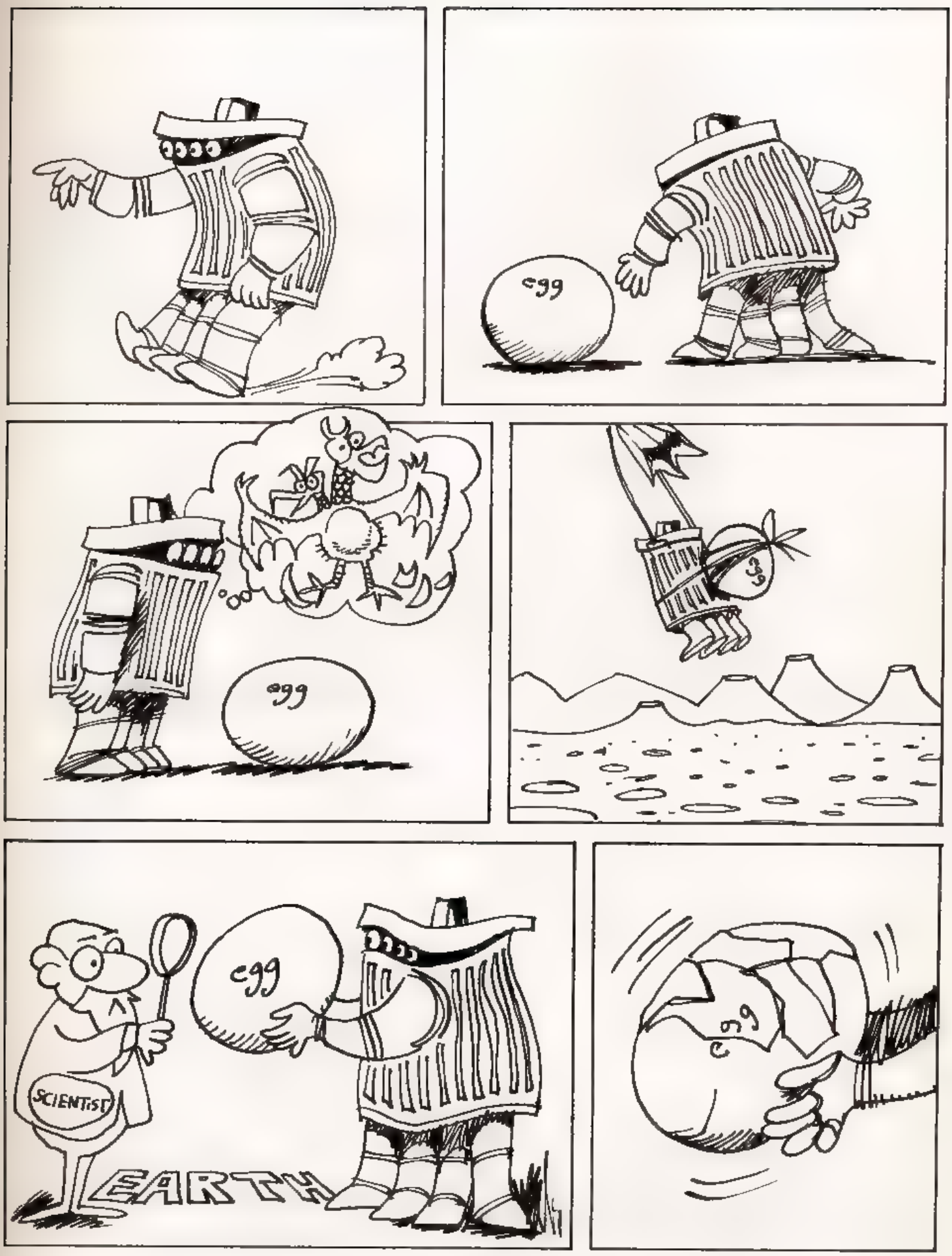
CATHY ... ED... IS EVERYONE HERE ?

YES... ALL OF THE ONES STILL ALIVE! OH, JIM! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW ?

WHAT LIES IN STORE FOR THEM ... AND FOR THE ANIMAL MAN? DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALLMENT!


AB-
SURD
SCIENCE
FICTION
STORIES
"MOON CRITTERS"
©Jack Gaughan 1966
MOON




egg
egg
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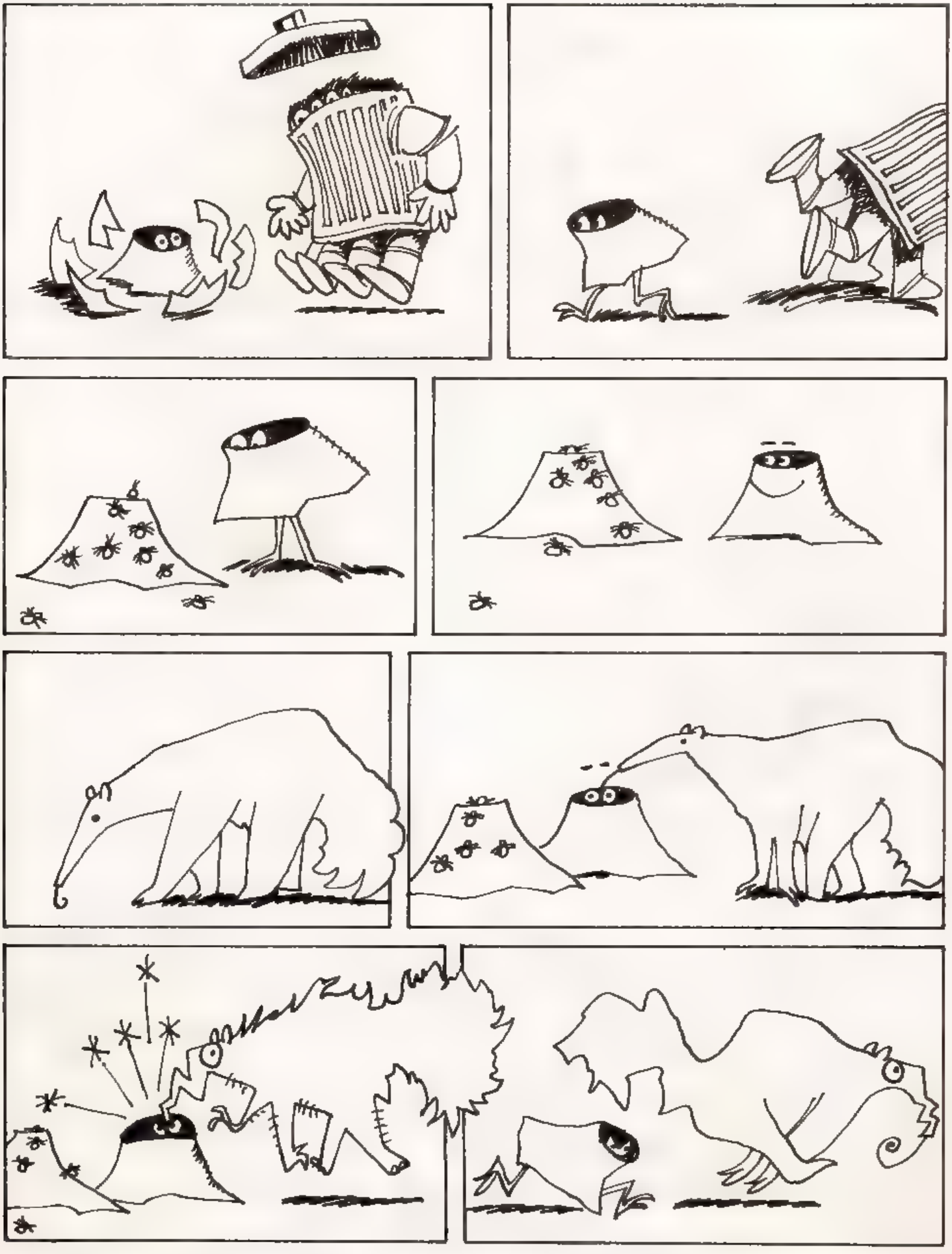
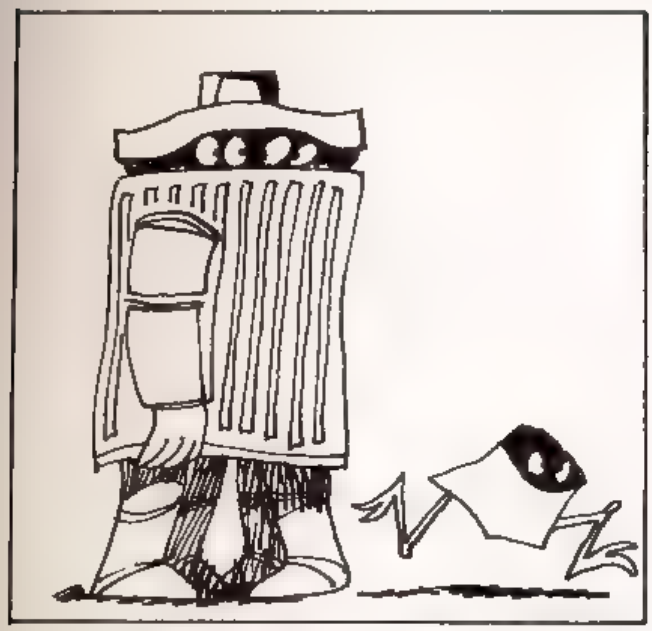
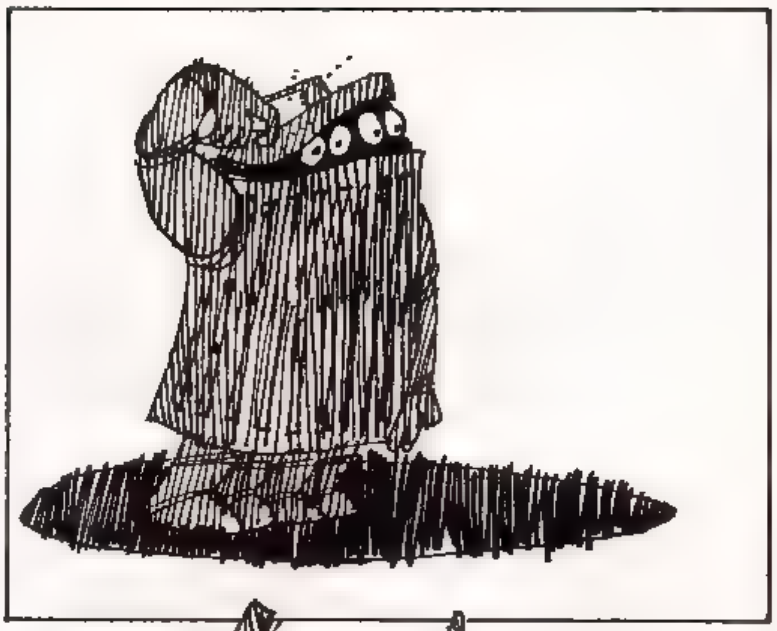
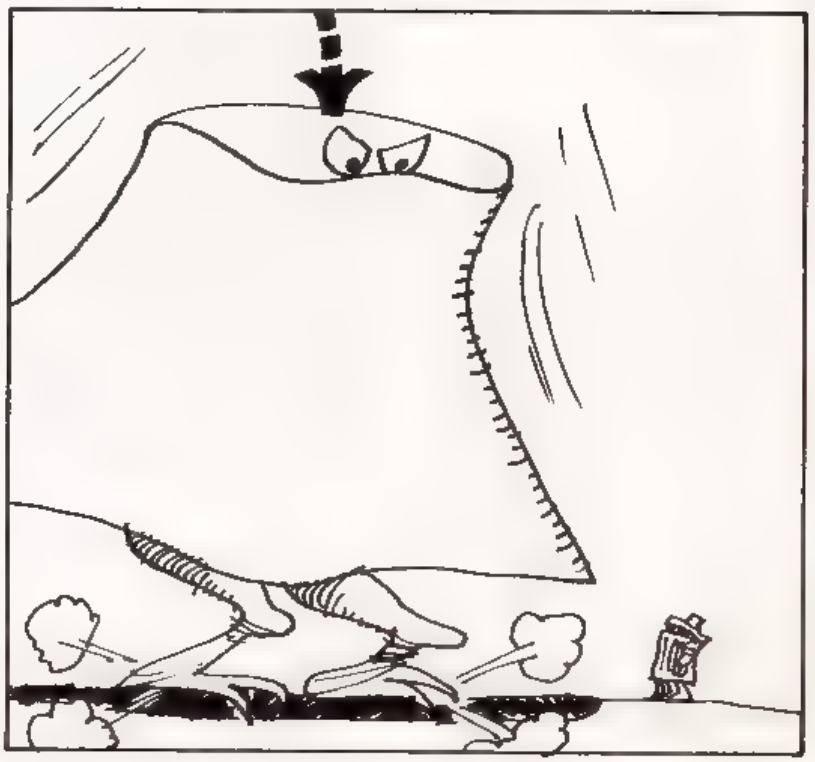
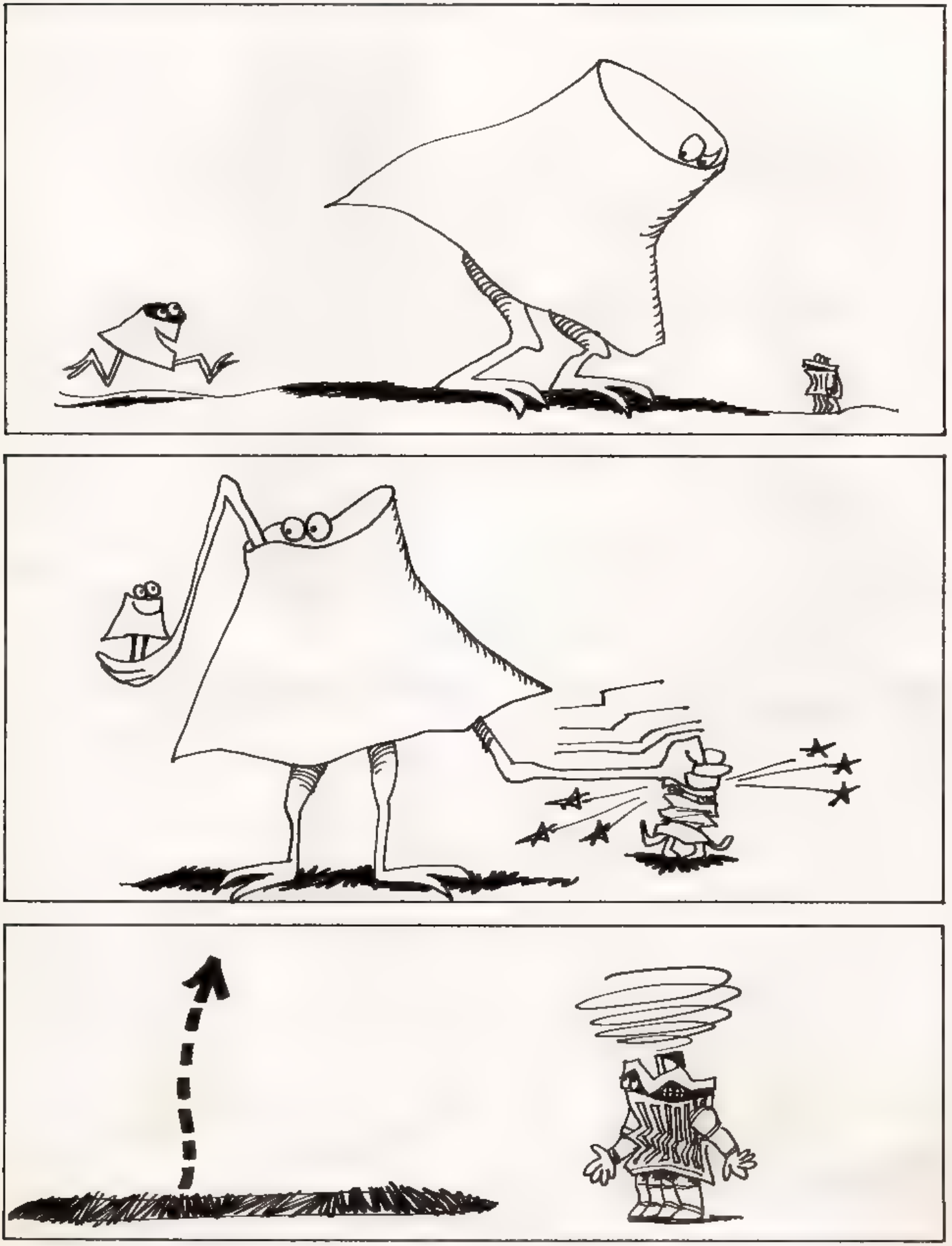
SCIENTIST
EARTH

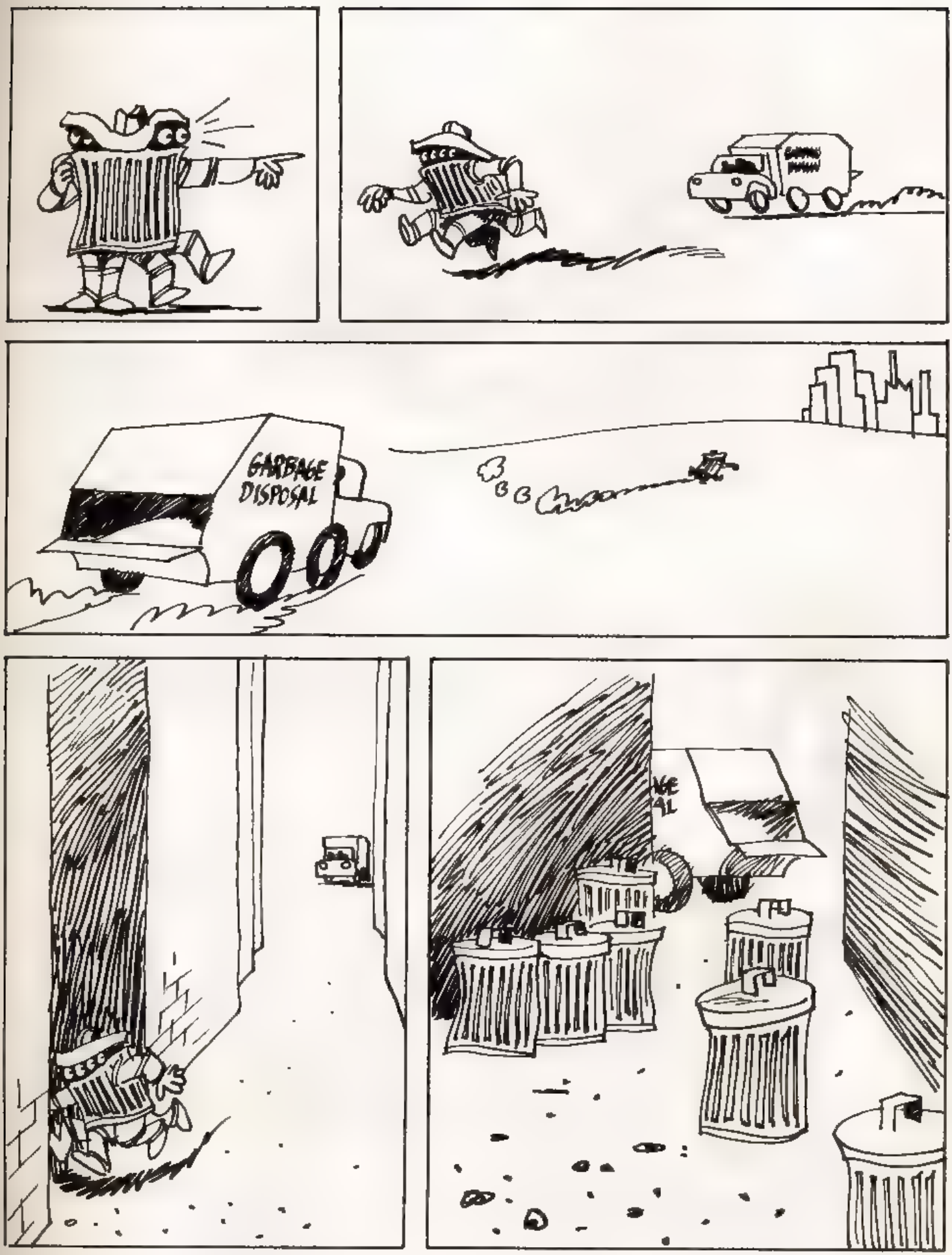


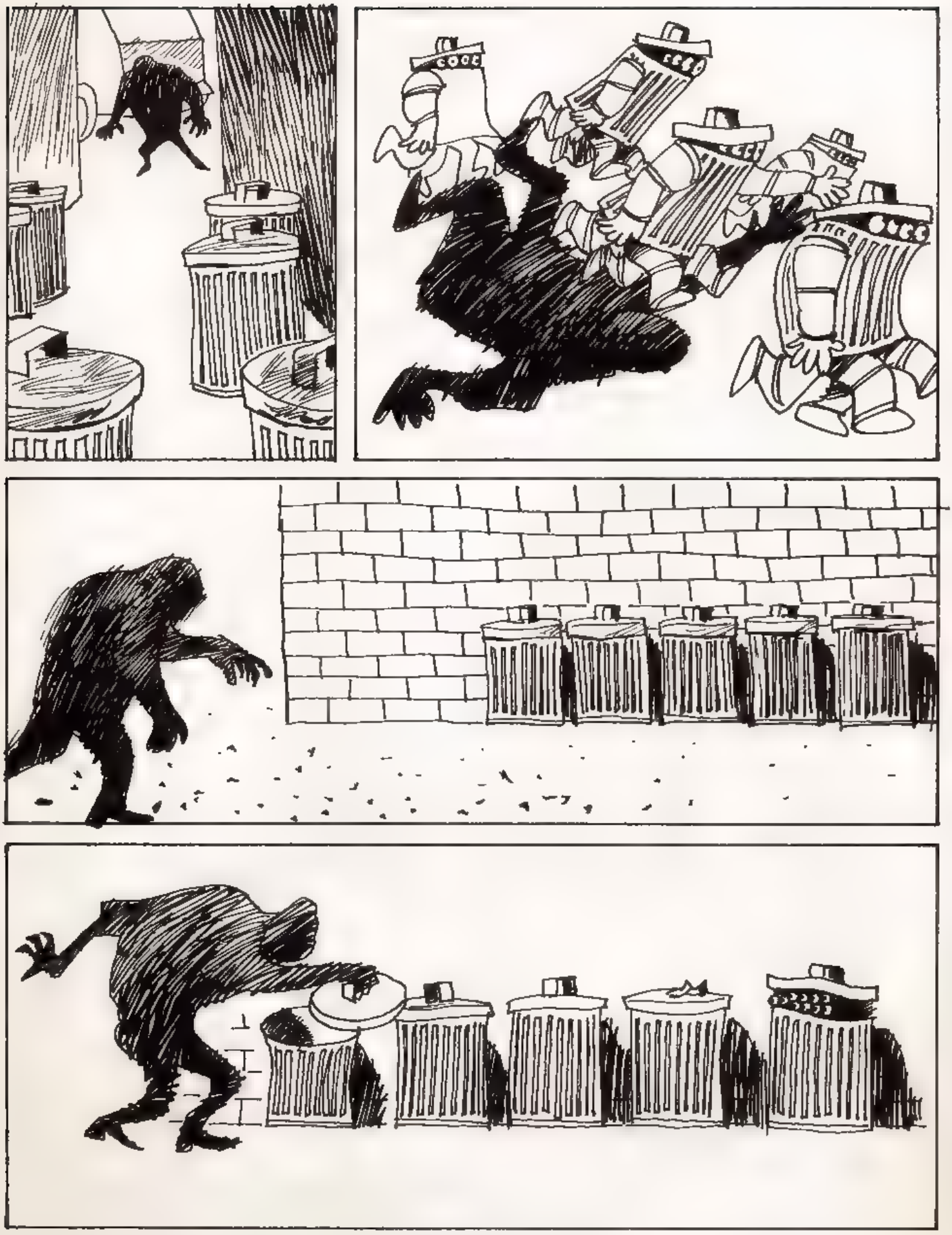


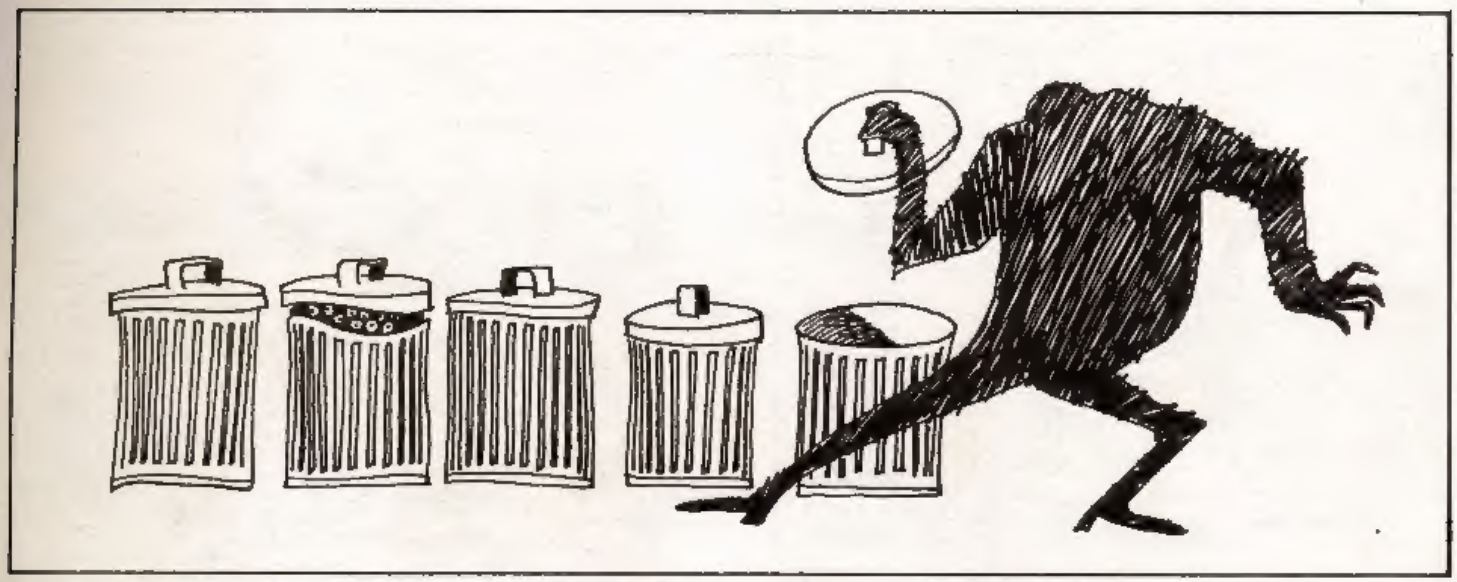


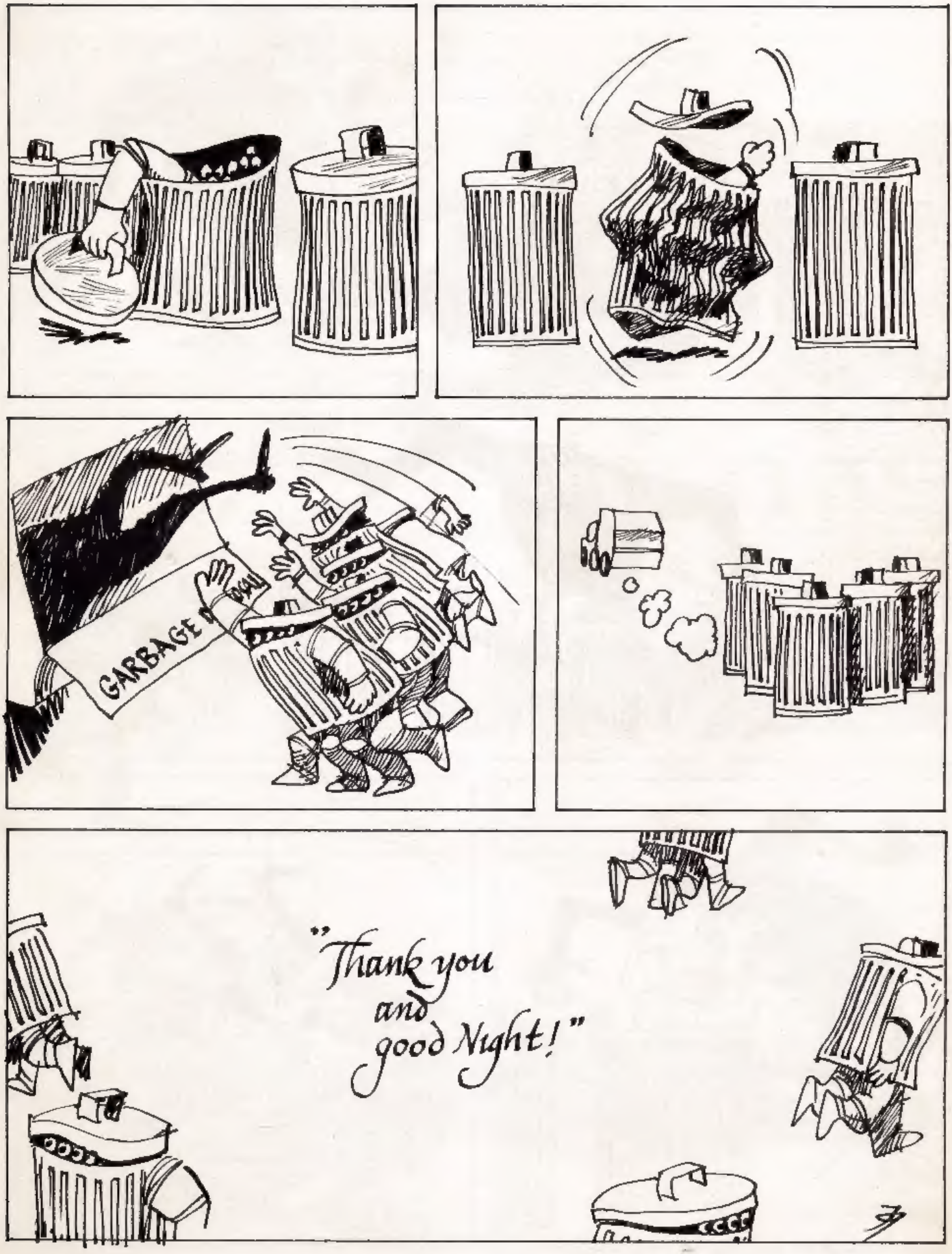





GARBAGE
DISPOSAL






GARBAGE
"Thank you and good Night!"

CUT YOUR OWN THROAT DEPT.

As we go to press, (in the jargon of the zine biz), we find at the last minute that we're advertising ourselves in competition with ourselves, in our own magazine!

But... **THIS IS A FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLY EXCITING ANNOUNCEMENT!** Alan G. Barbour, publisher of Screen Facts, is printing a portfolio of 4 Wally Wood original pages, never published before in any form, as large, 14 x 17 posters, suitable for framing. These pages, in the detailed EC tradition, deal with historical subjects; Concord, Chennault (Flying Tigers), Cleopatra and Joan of Arc. They will be sent in sturdy mailing tubes. This is not for some future date...**THIS IS NOW!** They are at the printer! Limited print order so get 'em while they last! $1 apiece, (minimum order $2) All four for $3.50. Order from, and make checks payable to:

SCREEN FACTS PRESS P.O. BOX 154, KEW GARDENS, N.Y.

STOP THE PRESSES!

I HAD TO THROW OUT THE COPY THAT WAS TO HAVE BEEN IN THIS SPACE TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING, LAST-MINUTE ANNOUNCEMENTS...

TITLE CHANGE...

THIS IS "ET CETERA", THE MAGAZINE YOU ORDERED, BUT WE LEARNED THAT THE TITLE IS ALREADY BEING USED BY ANOTHER PUBLICATION. THIS MEANT ANOTHER DELAY, TO CHANGE THE PLATES, BUT IT IS FORTUNATE THAT WE CAUGHT IT IN TIME. PLEASE FORGIVE THIS AND THE OTHER DELAYS, BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY THINGS CAN GO WRONG IN PUTTING OUT A FIRST ISSUE UNTIL YOU DO IT.

ORDER NO.2 NOW...

THERE MAY BE A SECOND PRINTING OF THIS FIRST ISSUE, AS THE INITIAL PRINT ORDER IS QUITE SMALL, BUT IN THE FUTURE THERE WILL PROBABLY BE ONE PRINTING, SO PLEASE ORDER WELL IN ADVANCE AS I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW MANY COPIES TO PRINT, AND IT WILL ENSURE YOUR GETTING YOUR COPY.

DO NOT SUBSCRIBE!

I WISH I COULD GO INTO THIS WITH BOTH FEET AND ANNOUNCE A SCHEDULE OF PUBLICATION AND SUBSCRIPTION RATES, AS IT WOULD MAKE THINGS MUCH EASIER. BUT BEAR WITH ME FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF ISSUES, AND ORDER NO. 2 WHEN YOU RECEIVE NO. 1, ETC. I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET OUT FOUR ISSUES PER YEAR, MAYBE SIX IF IT STARTS TO MAKE MONEY, BUT JUDGING BY THE TROUBLE I'VE HAD GETTING ONE ISSUE TOGETHER, IT MAY WIND UP AS AN ANNUAL!

PLEASE...

IF YOU WISH MORE THAN ONE COPY OF EACH ISSUE, PLEASE SPECIFY. IF YOU ORDER "TWO COPIES" YOU WILL RECEIVE TWO COPIES OF NO. 1. IF YOU ORDER "TWO ISSUES" YOU WILL RECEIVE ONE COPY EACH OF ISSUES 1 AND 2. CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS ARE ALL RIGHT, ALTHOUGH I'D PREFER CASH. IT'S SAFE, AND IT'S A DRAG TO DEPOSIT TOO MANY ONE-DOLLAR CHECKS. ANYWAY, **PLEASE** MAKE THEM OUT IN MY NAME... THERE IS NO CORPORATION, NO PUBLISHING FIRM, AND NOW THERE'S NO "ET CETERA" ... JUST ME. AND ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO ME AT MY POSTAL BOX NUMBER. PLEASE WRITE... I'LL PROBABLY HAVE A LETTER COLUMN IN FUTURE ISSUES. BUT DON'T WRITE LETTERS TELLING ME HOW GREAT I AM -OR USED TO BE- I WILL NOT PRINT THEM! THANK YOU,

Wallace Wood

WALLACE WOOD, BOX 882, ANSONIA STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10023

BACK COVER: DRAWING OF BUSTER CRABBE BY FRANK FRAZETTA. WE WILL HAVE MORE OF HIS GREAT WORK IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

FRANK FRAZETTA